The Fronteſpeice diſcovered.

This ſpreading Vine, like theſe choyce Leaves invites
The curious eye to taſt her choyce Delights.
This foole, that knave, ſtands here to th'view of others,
To ſhew that in the book th'have many brothers.
The Devious Horſeman, wandring in this Maze,
Shewes Error, and her execrable wayes:
Whoſe brazen Inſolence, and boldneſſe urges
Theſe horne-foot Satyres to their angry Scourges:
And he that drawes his ſword againſt the Swarme
Of Waſpes, is he, that laſht, begins to ſtorme.

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WITT'S RECREATIONS

Augmented, with

Ingenious

CONCEITES

for the wittie, And

Merrie Medecines

for the

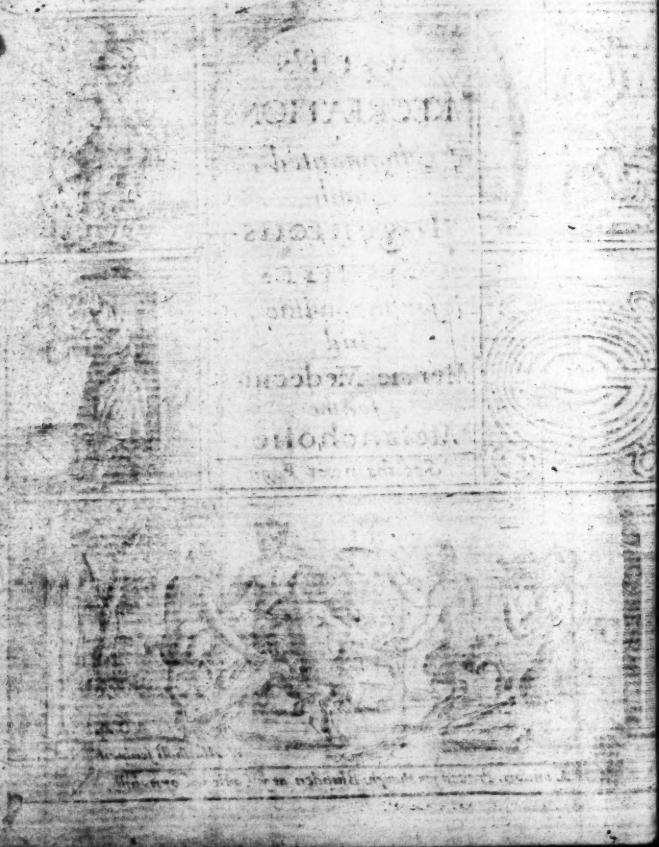
Melancholie.

See the next Page.

W. Marshall sculpsit

London. Printed for Humph: Blunden at y^e Castle in Corn-hill

1445.87 *



WITS Recreations.

CONTAINING,

630. Epigrams.

160: Epitaphs.

Variety of { Fancies and Fantasticks.

Good for melancholly humours.

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere naſum.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Humphry Blunden* at the Caſtle in *Corn-Hill*. 1641.

Ad Lectorem.

THis little Booke is like a furniſh't feaſt,
And hath a diſh, I hope, to pleaſe each gueſt;
Here thou may'ſt finde ſome good and ſolid fare,
If thou lov'ſt pleaſant junkets, here they are;
Perhaps ſharp ſawces take thee moſt; if ſo,
I have cookt for thee, ſome ſharp ſawces too:
But if thy ſqueimiſh ſtomack can like none,
No body hinders thee; thou may'ſt be gone.

The Stationer to the Reader.

IF new, or old wit, pleaſe the Reader beſt;
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our gueſt;
The new, was fram'd to humour ſome mens taſte;
Which if they like not, they may carve the laſt:
Each diſh, hath ſawce belongs to't, and you will
By your diſlike, cenſure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot ſpeake well of it, ſpare
To utter your diſlike, that the like ſnare
May entrap others; ſo the Booke may be
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neate fallacie:
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodneſſe raiſe,
If as I gaine your coyn, he may your praiſe.

The Stationer to the Reader.

EPIGRAMS.

1. *To the Reader.*

Xcuſe me Reader, though I now and then,
In ſome light lines doe ſhew my ſelfe a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigram.

2. *On Battus.*

Battus doth brag he hath a world of Bookes,
His ſtudies maw holds more then well it may,
But ſeld or never hee upon them lookes,
And yet he lookes upon them every day.
He lookes upon their out-ſide, but within
He never lookes, nor never will begin;

Becauſe it cleane againſt his nature goes
To know mens ſecrets, ſo he keepes them cloſe.

3. *An evill age.*

Virgil of *Mars* and ruthfull warres did treat,
Ovid of *Venus* love and peace did write;
Yet *Virgil* for his ſtraine was counted great,
And *Ovid* for his love was baniſhed quite;
No marvell then if courteſie grow cold,
When hate is prais'd, and love it ſelf control'd.

4. *On a Womans will.*

How dearely doth the ſimple husband buy,
His wives defect of will, when ſhe doth dye?
Better in death by will to let her give,
Then let her have her will whilſt ſhe doth live.

5. *To a neate Reader.*

Thou ſay'ſt theſe verſes are rude, ragged, rough,
Not like ſome others, rimes ſmooth dainty ſtuffe:
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
Like Cheſſe-nuts ſweet, take thou the kernell out.

6. Of a Judge.

Were I to chooſe a Captaine, I would than,
Not chooſe your Courtier or a youthfull man,
No, I would chooſe a Judge, one grim and grave,
To make a Captaine ſuch a man I'de crave;
Give me that mā, whoſe frowning brow is death,
I, ſuch an one, as can kill men with breath.

7. Of Poetus.

Poetus with fine Sonnets painteth forth,
This and that foule Ladies beauties worth:
He ſhewes ſmall wit thereby, and for his paines,
By my conſent hee never ſhall reape gaines;
Why what need Poets paint them? O ſweet Elves!
When Ladies paint their beauties beſt themſelves.

8. On an upſtart.

Pray wrong not (late coyn'd) give the man his right,
He's made a Gentleman although no knight,
For now 'tis cloathes the Gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloathes their pedigrees do take;
But wot you what's the armes to ſuch mens houſe?
Why this,—hands chacing of a rampant louſe.

9. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou ſaid'ſt was worth thy weight in gold,
Though now't be common for a triſle ſold;
It dearer ſeemes to thee, that getſt not any,
When thou ſhouldſt uſe it, for thy love or mony.

10. *In Getam.*

Geta from wooll and weaving firſt began,
Swelling and ſwelling to a Gentleman;
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till he was a Knight;
At laſt forgetting what he was at firſt,
He ſwole to be a Lord, and then he burſt.

11. *To Emſon.*

Emſon thou once in Dutch wouldſt court a wench
But to thy coſt ſhe anſwered thee in French.

12. *In Fimum.*

Fimus is coach'd, and for his farther grace,
Doth ask his friends how he becomes the place;

Troth I ſhuld tel him, the poor coach hath wrong
And that a cart would ſerve to carry Dung.

13. *Aſperum nimis condimentum.*

Monſieur *Albanus* new inveſted is,
With ſundry ſuits and faſhions paſſing fit,
But never any came ſo nigh as this,
For joy whereof *Albanus* frollicks it,
Untill the Taylors bill of *ſolvi fias*,
Diverts his humour to another bias.

14. *Atheiſts Paſtimes.*

Grammarians talk of times paſt and hereafter;
I ſpend time preſent in paſtime and laughter.

15. *On a Braggadocia.*

Don *Lollius* brags, he comes of Noble blood,
Drawne downe from *Brutus* line; tis very good:
If this praiſe-worthy be, each flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more then ſome Gentlemen.

16. *On a Pumpe stopt with sleaves.*

M. I'le cut it downe, I sweare by this same hand.
If 'twill not run, it shall no longer stand.
R. Pray sir be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when 't hath the stone,
Yet did he wisely when he did it fell,
For in so doing he did make it well.

17. *In Aulum.*

Thou still art muttring *Aulus* in mine eare,
Love me and love my dog, I will I sweare,
Thou ask'st but right, and *Aulus* truth to tell,
I thinke thy dog deserves my love as well.

18. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilenus 'cause th'art old, flye not the field,
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner weild:
For why? this god, old men his souldiers fil'd,
None loves, but he, who hath bin twice a child.

19. *In*

19. *In Paulam.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain wouldst (know,
Were't to be ſeene I would not cover't ſo.

20. *Of ſleep and death.*

That death is but a ſleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would ſleepe, I would not dye.

21. *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader thou ſeeſt how pale theſe papers looke,
Whiles they fear thy hard cenſure on this booke.

22. *Ad Momum.*

Momus thou ſay'ſt our verſes are but toyes,
'Tis true, yet truth is often ſpoke by boyes.

23. *On Thraſo.*

Thraſo goes lame with a blow he did receive,
In a late duell, if you'l him beleeve.

24. News.

When News doth come if any would disquisse,
The Letters of the word, resolve it thus;
News is convay'd by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from North, East, West and (South.

25. Of Rufus.

Rufus had rob'd his Host, and being put to it;
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did doe it.

26. Of Marcus.

When *Marcus* fail'd a borrowed sum to pay,
Unto his friend at the appointed day:
'Twere superstition for a man he sayes,
To be a strict observer of set dayes.

27. Of a Theefe.

A theefe arrested, and in custody
Under strong guards of armed company,
Ask'd why they held him so; Sir quoth the chief,
We hold you for none other then a thief.

28. Of motion.

Motion brings heat; and thus we see it prov'd,
Most men are hot and angry, when they'r mov'd.

29. Ad Scriptorem.

Halfe of your Book is to an Index growne,
You give your Book *contents*, your Reader none.

30. Of Perfumes.

They that smell least, smell best, which intimates,
They smell like beasts that smell like Civet-cats.

31. On Harpax.

Harpax gave to the poore all by his will,
Because his heir should no feign'd teares distill.

32. On Sextus.

Sextus doth wish his wife in Heaven were,
Where can she have more happinesse then there?

33. On

33. On a Drawer drunke.

Drawer with thee now even is thy Wine,
For thou hast pierst his hogs-head, and he thine.

34. Upon the weights of a clocke.

I wonder time's so swift, when as I see,
Upon her heeles, such lumps of lead to bee.

35. On Cynna.

Because I am not of a Gyants stature,
Despise me not, nor praise thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbes, that you are great 'tis true,
And that I'm little in respect of you,
The reason of our growths is eas'ly had,
You many had perchance, I but one Dad.

36. On Alastrus.

Alastrus hath nor coyne, nor spirit, nor wit,
I thinke he's onely then for Bedlam fit.

37. *On Macer.*

You call my verſes toyes, th'are ſo, 'tis true,
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

38. *On Celſus.*

Celſus doth love himſelfe, *Celſus* is wiſe,
For now no rivall e're can claime his priſe.

39. *On Candidus,*

When I am ſick, nor elſe thou com'ſt to ſee me:
Waild fortune from both torments ſtill would free me.

40. *On Paulus.*

Becauſe thou followeſt ſome great Peer at Court,
Doſt think the world deems thee a great one for't,
Ah no! thou art miſtaken *Paulus*, know,
Dwarfs ſtill as Pages unto Gyants goe.

41. *On a cowardly Souldier.*

Strozo doth weare no ring upon his hand,
Although he be a man of great command;
But gilded ſpurres do jingle at his heeles,
Whoſe rowels are as big as ſome coach-wheeles.
He grac'd them well, for in the Netherlands,
His heeles did him more ſervice then his hands.

42. *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcivious life.
Aske him the reaſon why he doth forbeare,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it commeth with a feare.

43. *On a Shrew.*

A froward ſhrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhe ow'd
Unto her husband, for reply'd he might
Forbeare complaint of me, I doe him right:
His will is mine, he would beare rule, and I
Deſire the like, onely in ſympathy.

44. *On a youth married to an old woman.*

Fond youth I wonder why thou didſt intend,
To marry her who is ſo neere her end;
Thy fortune I dare tell, perchance thou'lt have
At ſupper dainties, but in bed a grave.

45. *On a Fly in a glaſſe.*

A Fly out of his glaſſe a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirſt would ſlake,
When he had drunke his fill, againe the Fly
Into the glaſſe he put, and ſaid, though I
Love not flyes in my drinke, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gaine-ſay.

46. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing doe lend,
Or dog, or horſe, or hawke unto his friend,
He to endeare the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him. His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life.

Behinde

Behinde him forks her fingers, and doth cry;
To none but you, I'de doe this courtesie.

47. *Auri-sacra fames-quid non?*

A smooth-fac'd youth was wedded to an old,
Decrepit shrew, such is the power of gold:
That love did tye this knot, the end will prove,
The love of money not the god of Love.

48. *Good wits jumpe.*

Against a post a scholler chanc'd to strike
At unawares his head, like will to like:
Good wits will jumpe (quoth he) if that be true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

On womens Maskes.

It seemes that Maskes do women much disgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hide their face

49. *On Lepidus and his wife.*

Lepidus married some while to a shrew,
She sick'ned, he in jesting wise to shew

How

How glad her death would make him, ſaid, ſweet-
I pray you e'r you ſing loth to depart, (heart,
Tell who ſhall be my ſecond wife, and I
After your death will wed her inſtantly;
She ſomewhat vext hereat, ſtraightway replide,
Then let grim *Pluto's* daughter be your Bride:
He anſwer'd, wife I would your will obey,
But that our Lawes my willingneſſe gain-ſay;
For he who *Pluto's* ſiſter takes to wife,
Cannot his daughter too upon my life.

50. *Vpon a paire of Tongs.*

The burnt child dreads the fire; if this be true,
Who firſt invented Tongs its fury knew.

51. *To Phillis.*

Aske me not *Phillis* why I doe refuſe
To kiſſe thee as the moſt of Gallants uſe,
For ſeeing oft thy dogge to fawne and skip
Upon thy lap, and joyning lip to lip,
Although thy kiſſes I full faine would crave,
Yet would I not thy dogge my rivall have.

52. Of Caridemus.

Although thy Neighbor have a handsome horse,
Matchlesse for comely shape, for hue and course,
And though thy wife thou knowst ill-shapen be,
Yet *Caridemus* praises mightily
His ugly wife, and doth the horse dispraise:
How subtilly the Fox his engin layes,
For he desires his Neighbours horse to buy,
And sell his wife to any willingly.

53. Of Clytus.

Clytus the Barber doth occasion fly,
Because 'tis bald, and he gaines nought therby.

54. Rich promisers.

Lords promise soone, but to performe are long,
Then would their purse-strings were ty'd to their (tongue.

55. Bulbus.

Bulbus a verse on *Venus* boy doth scan,
But e're twas finish'd *Cupid's* growne a man.

An

56. On Comptulus.

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long haire
In comely curles could ſhow ſo debonaire,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou could'ſt not trim it by a looking-glaſſe,
Nor any barber did thy treſſes pleat,
'Tis ſtrange, but Monſieur I concieve the feat
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take
And order 't as you pleaſe for faſhions ſake.

57. One Gellius.

In building of his houſe, *Gellius* hath ſpent
All his revenews and his ancient rent,
Aske not a reaſon why *Gellius* is poor,
His great houſe hath turn'd him out of door.

58. To Ponticus.

At ſupper-time will *Ponticus* viſit me,
I'd rather have his room then companie;
But if him, from me I can no wayes fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

59. On a Pot-poet.

What lofty verses *Calus* writes? it is,
But when his head with wine oppressed is,
So when great drops of raine fall from the skye
In standing pools, huge bubles will arise.

60. On Onellus.

Thou never suppest abroad, *Onellus*, true;
For at my home I'm sure to meet with you.

61. On beere.

Is no juice pleasing but the grapes? is none,
So much beloved? doth perfection,
Onely conjoyne in wine? or doth the well
Of Aganippe with this liquor swell,
That Poets thus affect it? shall we crowne,
A meere exotique? and contemn our owne,
Our native liquor? haunt who list the grape,
Ile more esteem our Oate, whose reed shall make
An instrument to warble forth her praise,
Which shall survive untill the date of daies,

And eke invoke ſome potent power divine,
To patronize her worth above the vine.

62. *On a vaunting Poetaſter.*

Cecilius boaſts his verſes worthy bee,
To be engraven on a Cypreſſe tree,
A Cypreſſe wrath befits 'em well, 'tis true,
For they are neer their death, and crave but due.

63. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, non but thoſe are dead, doe praiſe,
I would I might diſpleaſe him all his dayes.

64. *On a valiant Souldier.*

A Spaniſh Souldier in the Indian warre,
Who oft came off with honour and ſome ſcarre,
After a tedious battell, when they were
Enforc'd for want of bullets to forbeare,
Farther to encounter, which the Savage Moore
Perceiving, ſcoff'd, and neerer then before,
Approached the Chriſtian hoſt, the ſoldier griev'd
To be out-brav'd, yet could not be reliev'd,

Beyond all patience vex'd, he ſaid although
I bullets want, my ſelfe will wound the foe;
Then from his mouth took he a tooth, and ſent
A fatall meſſage to their Regiment:
What armes will fury ſteed men with, when we
Can from our ſelves have ſuch artillerie;
Samſon thy jaw bone can no trophy reare
Equall to his, who made his tooth his ſpeare.

65. *On Auriſpa.*

Why doth the world repute *Auriſpa* learn'd?
Becauſe ſhe gives men what they never earn'd.

On Paulus.

Thoſe verſes whicd thou mad'ſt I did condemne,
Nor did I cenſure thee in cenſuring them,
Thou mad'ſt them, but ſith them in print I ſee,
They muſt the peoples not the Authors bee.

66. *On Alexander the Great.*

If *Alexander* thought the world but ſmall,
Becauſe his conquering hand ſubdu'd it all.

He ſhould not then have ſtil'd himſelfe the Great,
An infants ſtoole can be no Gyants ſeat.

67. *On a vertuous talker.*

If vertue's alwayes in thy mouth, how can
It ere have time to reach thy heart fond man?

68. *To Severus.*

Beleeve *Severus*, that in theſe my Rimes,
I tax no perſon, but the common crimes.

69. *Vpon pigs devouring a bed of penny-royall commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs ſet,
The Pigs came in and eate up every whit,
The good man ſaid, wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

70. *On a fortune-teller.*

The influence of the ſtarres are knowne to thee,
By whom thou canſt each future fortune ſee;

Yet, ſith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
'Tis ſtrange they doe not that to thee partake.

71. *On ſore eyes.*

Fuſcus was councell'd if he would preſerve,
His eyes in perfect ſight, drinking to ſwerve;
But he reply'd, 'tis better that I ſhu'd
Looſe thē, then keep them for the worms as food.

72. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering gallant, from a prauncing ſteed,
Alighting downe, deſir'd a boy with ſpeed
To hold his horſe a while, he made reply,
Can one man hold him faſt? 'twas anſwered I,
If then one man can hold him ſir, you may
Doe it your ſelfe, quoth he, and ſlunke away.

73. *On an inevitable Cuckold.*

Two wives th' haſt buried and another wed,
Yet neither of the three chaſte to thy bed,
Wherefore thou blam'ſt not onely them, but all
Their Sex into diſgrace and ſcorne doſt call,

Yet if the thing thou wilt consider well,
Thou wilt thy malice, and this rage expell,
For when the three were all alike't should seem,
Thy stars gave thee the Cuckolds anadem:
If thou wert borne to be a wittoll, can
Thy wife prevent thy fortune? fooliſh man!
That woman which a *Hellen* is to thee,
Would prove another mans *Penelope*.

74. *On an empty houſe.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard theeves about
His houſe, and ſearching narrowly throughout
To find ſome pillage there, he ſaid you may
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

75. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim I muſt commend thy care,
Which doſt all things exactly to a haire.

76. *On a bragging Coward.*

Corſus in campe, when as his Mates betook
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them, and ſpoke,

Have

Have a good ſtomacke Lads, this night we ſhall
In heaven at ſupper keep a feſtivall,
But battle joyn'd, he fled away in haſte,
And ſaid, I had forgot, this night I faſt.

77. *On a great noſe.*

Thy noſe no man wipe, *Proclus* unleſſe
He have a hand as big as *Hercules*, (heare,
When thou doſt ſneeze the ſound thou doſt not
Thy noſe is ſo far diſtant from thine eare.

78. *On an unequall paire.*

Faire *Phillis* is to churliſh *Priſcus* wed,
As ſtronger wine with waters mingled,
Priſcus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow,
With fervency then fire, hers cold as ſnow;
'Tis well, for if their flames alike did burne,
One houſe would be to hot to ſerve their turne.

79. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poore he hath a good pretence,

At

At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire loſt all he had.

80. *On a changeable rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face and his array,
'Tis not becauſe his commings in are much,
Or cauſe he'l will it with the roaring Dutch;
But 'cauſe the Sergeants (who a writ have had
Long ſinne againſt him) ſhould not know the lad.

81. *On the enſuring Office.*

Linus met *Thuſcus* on the Burſe by chance,
And ſwore he'd drink a helth toth' heir of France
For on th'Exchange for currant news 'twas told,
France had a Dolphin not yet ſeven dayes old,
Thuſcus excus'd himſelfe, and ſaid he muſt
By all meanes go toth' Enſuring Office firſt,
And ſo enſure ſome goods, he doubted were,
Unlikely elſe e're to his hands appeare:
Linus reply'd, Ile with thee then, for I
Would have my lands enſur'd to me in fee
Which otherwiſe I doubt, I never ſhall,
From debt and morgage e're redeem at all.

82. On Hugh.

Hugh should have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tyburne and so lost his way.

83. On Barossa.

Barossa boasts his pedegree, although
He knowes no letter of the Christ-crosse row,
His house is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fooles, how than?
Dare you not call *Barossa* Gentleman?

84. On Cledius and Albinus.

Cledius great cheere for supper doth prepare,
Buyes Chickens, Rabbets, Phesants and a Hare,
Great store of fowle, variety of fish,
And tempting sawces serv'd in, in every dish,
To this great feast, whom doth he meane t'invite,
Albinus onely supps with him to night.

85. On

85. *On Jack-Cutpurse.*

Jack Cut-purse is and hath been patient long,
For he's content to pocket up much wrong.

86. *On Afer.*

Afer hath sold his land and bought a horse,
Whereon he pranceth to the royall Burse,
To be on horse back he delights; wilt know?
'Cause then his company he'd higher show,
But happy chance tall *Afer* in his pride,
Moupts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

87. *To Lycus.*

That Poetry is good and pleasing thou dost cry,
Yet know'st not when 'tis right or when awry,
Thou know'st great *Ovids* censure to abstaine
From pleasing good, is vertues chiefest aime.

88. *On Charismus.*

Thou hast compos'd a Book, which neither age
Nor future time shal hurt through all their rage,

For

For how can future times or age invade
That worke, which perished as soone as made.

89. *Of one praising my Book.*

Harpax doth praise my Book I lately writ,
Saith it is short and sweet and full of wit;
I knew his drift and said, be silent 'pray,
For in good faith, I've given 'em all away.

90. *Facilis discensus averni.*

The way to hell is easie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

100. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, despise not age, although
Some yong are grave, most old men childrē grow

101. *Of Bell the Tinker.*

Bell, though thou dye decrepid, lame, forlorne,
Thou wast a man of mettle I'le besworne.

102. *On*

102. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold Wine, and then Tobacco, now
He Aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow,
What ere he had, is ſold, to ſave his life,
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

103. *On Women.*

Women are Bookes, and men the Readers be;
In whom oft times they great Errata's ſee;
Here ſometimes we a blot, there we eſpy
A leafe miſplac'd, at leaſt a line awry;
If they are books, I wiſh that my wife were
An Almanack, to change her every yeare.

104. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the braine, Phyſicians ſay,
Doth dull the wit and memory decay,
Yet feare not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee ſo much by uſe, as by thy feare.

105. *On Briſo.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You doe abſent you from the ſight of men.
For out of doores you ne're by day appeare,
Since laſt you loſt i'th Pillory your eare.

106. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the halfe of this neat Picture drew,
That it could ne're be fully done, well knew.

107. *B. I. anſwer to a Thiefe bidding him ſtand.*

Fly villaine hence, or by thy coat of ſteele,
Ile make thy heart, my brazen bullet feele,
And ſend that thrice as thieviſh ſoule of thine,
To hell, to weare the Devils Valentine.

108. *The Thiefe's reply.*

Art thou great *Ben*? or the revived ghoſt
Of famous *Shakeſpeare*? or ſome drunken hoſt?

Who

Who being tipſie with thy muddy beer,
Doſt think thy rimes ſhal daunt my ſoul with fear
Nay know baſe ſlave, that I am one of thoſe,
Can take a purſe as well in verſe as proſe,
And when th'art dead, write this upon thy herſe,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in verſe.

109. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his ſly and ſubtill art,
A certaine Arrow ſhot and pierc'd my heart:
What ſhall I doe to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way, and that one I'le prove;
I'le ſteale his Arrowes, and will head them new
With womens hearts, and then they ne'r fly true.

110. *On a Tobacconiſt.*

All dainty meates I doe deſie,
Which feed men fat as ſwine,
Hee is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leafe can dine;
Hee needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his kitchin in a Box,
And roaſt-meat in a Pipe.

111. *On the same*

If mans flesh be like swines, as it is said,
The Metamorphosis is sooner made,
Then full-fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take,
Smoaking your corps, lest Bacon you doe make.

112. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know,
That sold'st thy cushion for a pipe of To——
For now 'tis like if ere thou study more,
Thou'lt sit to't harder then thou didst before.

113. *On Tobacco.*

Nature's Idea, Physicks rare perfection,
Cold rheumes expeller and the wits direction,
O had the gods known thy immortall smack,
The heavens ere this time had bin colored black.

114. *On a beloved lye.*

I hate a lye, and yet a lye did run
Of Noble *Goring's* death and *Kensington*,

And for that they did not untimely dye,
I love a lye because that was a lye;
For had it been an accident of ruth,
'T had made me grow in hatred of the truth,
Though lyes be bad, yet give this lye its due,
'Tis ten times better, then if 't had bin true.

115. *On Button a Sexton, making a Grave.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button*-holes.

116. *On long haire.*

Lucas long haire downe to his shoulders weares,
And why? he dares not cut it for his eares.

117. *A Crab is restorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is sauce very good;
For the Crab of the foaming sea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is sauce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

118. *On Faſtus Lynſius, who bequeated his Gowne to the Virgin Mary.*

A dying Latiniſt of great renowne,
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gowne;
And was not this falſe Latin, ſo to joyne
With female gender, the caſe Maſculine.

119. *On a Fiddle-ſticke.*

Am I an inſtrument to make you ſport,
A Fiddle-ſtick I am, ye ſhan't report
That ere ye hand'led me in ſuch a caſe;
To make me ſtrike up fiddles mean and baſe,
Nay, you ſhall never bend me to your bow,
It goeth againſt the haire you ſhould doe ſo,
Nor ſhall you curbe me in thus every day,
I'le but my pleaſure, I was made to play;
But here I muſt not play upon another,
Why have I then a fiddle for my brother?
If I were gone, you'd be compel'd my friends
To make your Muſicke on your fingers ends:
My brother Fiddle is ſo hollow-hearted,
That ere't be long, we muſt needs be parted.

And with ſo many frets he doth abound,
That I can never tonch him but he'l ſound:
When he's reviv'd, this poore excuſe he puts,
That when I play, I vex him to the guts;
But ſince it is my nature, and I muſt,
I'le crowd and ſcrape acquaintance for a cruſt;
I am a Gentleman of high deſcent,
Come from *Apollo's* glorious Element;
Above the bridge I alwayes uſe to keep,
And that's my proper ſpheare when I do ſleep,
So that I cannot be in tune or towne,
For all my ſcraping, if the Bridge be downe;
But ſince without an end, nought can endure,
A Fiddle-ſticke hath two ends to be ſure.

120. *On hopes of preferment.*

I ſaw my fortune goe before,
As *Palinurus* ſaw the ſhore,
If that I dye, before it hitch,
Well fare mine eyes for they are rich.

121. *Sorte tuâ contentus.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſſe,
And will that thou an aſſe muſt be;

Then be an asse, and live an asse,
For out of question wise is he
That undergoes with humble mind,
The state that chance hath him assign'd.

122. *On a pretender to prophecie.*

Ninety two yeares the world as yet shall stand,
If it doe stand or fall at your command;
But say, why plac'd you not the worlds end nye
Lest ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer.

123. *Mart. lib. 8. Epigr. 69.*

Old Poets onely thou dost praise,
And none but dead ones magnifie;
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to please,
I am not yet in mind to dye.

124. *On a Gamester.*

For hundred-thousands *Matho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?
Not thou by meanes thereof I trow,
But *Matho* poore shall be.

125. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake* whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou did compaſſe round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once ſaw,
Which North and South do bound,
The ſtarres above would make thee knowne,
If men here ſilent were;
The Sun himſelfe cannot forget
his fellow traveller.

126. *B. I. approbation of a copy of verſes.*

One of the witty ſort of Gentlemen,
That held Society with learned *Ben*----
Shew'd him ſome verſes of a tragick ſenſe,
They did his eare much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
Of the ſad lines, he needs muſt know the maker;
What unjuſt man he was, that ſpent his time,
And baniſh'd reaſon to advance his rime:
Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I ſee I muſt ſupport the Poet than;
Although thoſe humble ſtraines are not ſo hie
For to pleaſe you, he's held a pretty wit;

Is he held ſo? (ſayes *Ben*) ſo may a Gooſe,
Had I the holding, I would let him loſe.

127. *On a Gentleman that married an Heire privately at the Tower.*

The angry Father hearing that his childe,
Was ſtolne, married, and his hopes beguild,
('Cauſe his uſurious nature had a thought,
She might have bin to greater fortunes brought)
With rigid looks, bent brows, and words auſtere,
Ask'd his forc'd ſon in law, how he did dare,
(Without a full conſenting from him carried)
Thus beare his onely daughter to be married,
And by what Canons he aſſum'd ſuch power?
He ſaid, the beſt in *England* ſir, the Tower.

128. *A Gentlemans ſatisfaction for ſpitting in another mans face.*

A Gentleman (not in malice nor diſgrace,
But by a chance) ſpet in anothers face,
He that receiv'd it, knowing not the cauſe (laws
That ſhould produce ſuch raſhneſſe ('gainſt the

Of Christian man-hood or civility)
In kindling anger, ask'd the reason why;
Pray sir, sayes he, what thing that doth but sound
Like to an injury, have you ere found
By me at any time? or if you had,
It never could deserve contempt so bad,
'Tis an inhumane custome none ere use,
But the vile nation of contemned Jewes:
Pray sir, cryes th'other, be not so unkinde,
Thus with an accident to charge my minde.
I meant it not, but since it falls out so,
I'm sorry, yea, make satisfaction too;
Then be not mov'd, but let this ease your doubt,
Since I have spet, please you, I'le tread it out.

129. *On a little Gentleman and one Master Story.*

The little man, by th'other mans vain-glory,
It seemes was roughly us'd (so sayes the story)
But being a little heated and high blowne,
In anger flyes at *Story*, pulls him downe;
And when they rise (I know not how it fated)
One got the worst the *Story* was translated.

From white to red, but ere the fight was ended,
It seemes a Gentleman that one befriended,
Came in and parted them; the little blade,
There's none that could intreat, or yet perswade,
But he would fight still, till another came,
And with sound reasons counceld 'gainst the same
'Twas in this manner, friend ye shall not fight,
With one that's so unequall to your height,
Story is higher, th'other made reply,
I'd pluck him downe were he three Stories high.

130. *On a Welshman and an Englishman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welshman and an Englishman,
And thus it was; the Englishman would stand
Against all argument, that this our land,
Was freest of her fruits, there is a place,
Quoth he, whose ground so fruitfull is of grasse,
But throw a staffe in't but this night, you shall
Not see't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all:
The Welshman cry'd 'tis true, it might lye under
The ore-growne grasse, wch is with us no wonder,
For turne your horse into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he shan't be found.

131. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lyes at an ill ward.

132. *On a faire Gentlewoman whose name was Browne.*

We praise the faire, and our inventions wrack,
In pleasing numbers to applaud the black,
We court this Ladies eye, that Ladies haire,
The faire loves black, the black best like the faire,
Yet neither sort I court, I doat upon
Nor faire, nor black, but a complexion
More rare then either; she that is the crowne
Of my entire affection is browne,
And yet she's faire, 'tis strange, how can it be,
That two complexions should in one agree?
Doe I love *Browne*, my love can please mine eye,
And fate my narrowest curiosity,
If I like faire, she hath so sweet a grace,
That I could leave an Angel for her face,
Let any judge then, which complexion's rarest?
In my opinion, she is *Browne* that's fairest.

133. *On Garret and Chambers.*

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their Citie buſineſſe walkt to Paddington,
and comming neere the fatall place, where men,
I meane offenders, ne're returne agen,
Looking on Tyborne in a merriment:
Sayes *Chambers* here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a Garret: *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, friend *Chambers* I doe wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure, and could mock you for it,
There muſt be Chambers e're there be a Garret.

134. *On the word intollerable.*

Two Gentlemen did to a Taverne come,
And call'd the Drawer for to ſhew a roome,
The Drawer did, and what room think ye was't?
One of the ſmall ones, where men drink in haſte:
One Gentleman ſate downe there, but the other
Diſlik'd it, would not ſit, call'd for another;
At which his friend, riſing up from the Table,
Cryes, friend let's ſtay, this room is tollerable:

Why

Why that's the cauſe (quoth he) I will not ſtay,
Is that the cauſe, quoth th'other? why I pray?
To give a reaſon to you I am able,
Becauſe I hate to be in---Tollerable.

135. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't poſſible that thou my Book haſt bought,
That ſaid'ſt 'twas nothing worth? why, was it naught
Read it agen, perchance thy wit was dul,
Thou may'ſt finde ſomething at the ſecond pull,
Indeed at firſt thou nought did'ſt underſtand,
For ſhame get ſomething at the ſecond hand.

136. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Poſthumus not the laſt of many more,
Askes wh y I write in ſuch an idle vaine,
Seeing there are of Epigrams ſuch ſtore;
O give me leave to tell thee once againe,
That Epigrams are fitted to the ſeaſon,
Of ſuch as beſt know how to make rime reaſon.

137. *In magnis voluisse sat est.*

In matters great to will it doth suffice,
I blush to heare how lowd this Proverbe lyes,
For they that owe great sums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them with meere good will.

138. *As proud as witlesse Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him borne,
And so by strawes are emptied heads of corne.

139. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintaind the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate,
Ten Cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding sees,
Truth, quoth the other, each man tosts his cheese.

140. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes fast away, his safest flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

141. *On Womens inconstancie.*

Goe catch a star that's falling from the skye,
Cause an Immortall creature for to dye,
Stop with thy hand the current of the seas,
Poste ore the earth to the Antipodes;
Cause times returne, and call back yesterday;
Cloath January with the Month of May,
Weigh out an ounce of flame, blow back the wind
And then find faith within a womans mind.

142. *On Women.*

Why sure these necessary harmes were fram'd,
That men as too too heedlesse might be blam'd,
His weaknesse cannot greatest weaknesse fly,
In her strong drawing, fraile necessity;
Then happy they, that know what women are,
But happier, which to know them never care.

143. *On his Mistris.*

My Love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
And when I won, she would be payd;
This made me aske her what she meant,
Saith she, since you are in this wrangling vaine,
Take you your kisses, and give me mine againe.

144. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eate her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morne in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talke of nothing all day but of pride,
God in mercy may doe much to save her,
But what a case is he in that shall have her?

145. *Satis est quod sufficit.*

Weep no more, sigh nor groane,
Sorrow recalls not, times are gone,

Violets

Violets pluck'd, the ſweeteſt raine,
Makes not freſh or grow againe,
Joyes are windy, dreames flye faſt,
Why ſhould ſadneſſe longer laſt?
Griefe is but a wound to woe,
Gentle faire, mourne no moe.

146. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things could the Poets ſay,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

147. *Of Women.*

Commit the Ship unto the Wind,
But not thy faith to woman kind,
There is more ſafety in a wave,
Then in the faith that women haue;
No woman's good, if chance it fall,
Some one be good amongſt them all,
Some ſtrange intent the deil'nies had,
To make a good thing of bad.

148. *On a coy woman.*

She seemes not won, yet won she is at length,
In loves war women use but halfe their strength.

149. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haste was married in the night,
What needed day? his faire young wife is light.

150. *On Bed keeping.*

Bradus the Smith, hath often sworne and sed,
That no disease should make him keep his bed;
His reason was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money therefore he would sell it.

151. *On a man stealing a candle from a Lanthorne.*

One walking in the street a winter night,
Climb'd to a lanthorne, thought to have stole the light,
But taken in the manner and descri'd
By one o'th' servants who look'd and cry'd,
Whose

(horne handle,
Whoſe there? what d'you? who doth our Lant-
Nothing, ſaid he, but onely ſnuffe the candle.

152. *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus' opinions ſhow his reaſon weake,
He held the noſe was made for man to ſpeake.

153. *On a French Fencer, that challeng'd Church an Engliſh Fencer.*

The Fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the Engliſh at the Fencing skill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors ſtill reprov'd and knock'd him ſtill,
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplin'd ſo ſore,
He (ranke Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

154. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle waſteth,
Even to the ſnuffe, that ſtinketh more it laſteth.

155. *On two striving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out was ill, but in was well.

156. *On Musick.*

I want a quill out of an Angels wing,
To write sweet Musickes everlasting praise,
I likewise want an Angels voyce to sing
A wished anthem to her happy dayes,
Then since I want an Angels voyce and Pen,
Let Angels write and sing, I'le say *Amen.*

157. *On Tobacco.*

Times great consumer, cause of idleness,
Old whorehouse hunter, cause of drunkenness,
Bewitching smoake, vainest wealths consumer;
Abuse of wit, stinking breath's perfumer,
Cause of entrailes blackness, quenching her fire,
Offence to many, bringing good to none,
Ev'n be thou hack'd till thou art burnt and gone.

158. *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee, to follow such a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

159. *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, youth unkinde,
Wee scorn their bodies, they our minde.

160. *To Loquax.*

Loquax to hold thy tongue, would do thee wrong
For thou wouldst be no man, but for thy tongue.

161. *Death.*

The lives of men seeme in two seas to swim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

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162. *A disparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fooles their brothers,
Women have learn'd more wisdome
of their Mothers.

163. *To Maledict.*

Thou speakest ill, not to give men their dues,
But speakest ill, because thou canst not chuse.

164. *Womens properties.*

To weep oft, still to flatter, sometimes spin,
Are properties, women excell men in.

165. *On Malsters ill Measures.*

Such Malsters as ill measure sell for gaine,
Are not meere knaves, but also knaves in grain.

166. *Interpone tuis, &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreathed
Care gets mirth stomack, mirth makes care lo
(breath

167. *Womens teares.*

When women weep in their dissembling art,
Their teares are sauce to their malicious heart.

168. *Pot. Poet.*

Poet and pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

169. *Content.*

Content is all we aime at with our store;
If that be had with little, what needs more?

170. *Fast and loose.*

Paphus was marry'd all in haste,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himselfe too fast,
he hath himselfe undone.

171. *On Gervaſe.*

A double Gelding *Gervaſe* did provide,
That he and's wife to ſee their friends might r
And he a double Gelding prov'd indeed;
For he ſo ſuddenly fell to his ſpeed,
That both alight, with blows and threats amo
He leads him, and his wife drives him along.

172. *Tortus.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter,
Said he but ſet a good face on the matter,
Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his owne.

173. *Impar impares odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelfe is none,
And fooles he hates, becauſe himſelfe is one.

174. *To A. S.*

Rich *Chremes* whilst he lives will nought bestow
On his poore heires, but all at his last day,
If he be halfe as rich I trow,
He thinks that for his life they seldome pray.

175. *Similis doctrina libello.*

Cræsus of all things loveth not to buy
So many books of such diversity:
Your Almanack (sayes he) yeeld's all the sence
Of time's past profit and experience.

176. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylour by profession,
Is late turn'd Layer, and of large possion.
So who before did cut but country freeze,
Now cuts the country in excessive fees.

177. *In*

176. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,
The circles love, how doe they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to onely one to enter.

177. *On Claret Wine ſpilt.*

What's this that's ſpilt? 'tis Claret Wine,
'Tis well 'tis ſpilt, its fall ſav'd mine.

178. *On Woman love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flower,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an houre.

179. *On Cooke a cuckold.*

A young Cooke marri'd upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e're tueſday night was paſt.

180. *A Mounser Naſo, verole.*

Naſo let none drink in his glaſſe but he,
Thinke you 'tis pride? 'tis courteſie.

181. *A Butcher marrying a Tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the fleſh is married to the skin.

182. *On Cupid.*

Cupid, no wonder was not cloath'd of old,
For love though naked ſeldome e're is cold.

183. *On a paſſing Bell.*

This doleſull Muſicke of impartiall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

184. *On a Farmer knighted.*

In my conceit ſir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet goodwife a mad-dame.

185. *On*

185. *On Pallas and Bacchus. birth.*

Pallas the of-ſpring of *Jove's* braine,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'ne,
He break's his braine that learning wins,
When he that's drunke breakes but his ſhins.

186. *On an old man doating upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a faire young Laſſe,
Out of his breeches his ſpectacles drew,
Wherewith he read a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth he) ſweet heart I'le give to you
Excuſe me ſir (quoth ſhe) for all your riches,
I'l marry none that weares his eies in's breeches.

187. *On a Welſhman.*

The way to make a Welſhman thinke on bliſſe,
And daily ſay his prayers on his knees,
Is to perſwade him that moſt certaine 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green cheeſe;
Then he'l deſire of *Jove* no greater boon,
When to be pleas'd in Heaven to eate the Moon.

188. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, faire *Lelia* needs must be,
For she was fore'd by law to marry thee.

189. *The vanity of man.*

That every thing we do, might vaine appeare,
We have a veine for each day in the yeare.

190. *To a friend on the losse of his Mistris.*

If thou the best of women didst forgo,
Weigh if thou found'st her, or didst make her so,
If she was found, know there is more then one,
If made, the workman lives though she be gone.

191. *On a Whore.*

Rosa is faire, but not a proper woman,
Can any woman proper be that's common.

192. *On*

192. *On a Welſhman.*

A Welſhman late comming late into an Inne,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within;
Cow-heels ſhe anſwered, and a breſt of Mutton;
But quoth the Welſhman, ſince I am no glutton,
Either of both ſhall ſerve, to night the breſt,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is beſt,
At night he tooke the breſt and did not pay,
I'th morning tooke his heels and run away.

193. *On men and women.*

Ill thrives that hapleſſe family, that ſhowes
A cocke that's ſilent, and a hen that crowes.
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying husbands or commanding wives.

194. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of verſes that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade,
I ſhould have knowne, had he conceal'd the caſe,
Even by his verſes of his horſes pace.

195. *On a little diminitive band.*

What is the reaſon of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep? and that his faſhion doth not alter,
God-dam-me ſaves a labor, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

196. *On Julius.*

By fraud the Merchant *Julius* rakes in pelfe,
For heaven he ſels, yet hath it not himſelfe.

197. *On fine apparell.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Doe all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow:
But who a Gold-finch fain would make his wife,
Makes her perhaps a wag-taile all her life.

198. *Upon Conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adaies.
But ſure Ile lay no ſuch fault to their charge,
I rather thinke their conſcience is too large.

199. *In*

299 *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus call'd his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'l never leave your brawling, but-
But what quoth he? quoth she the post or doore,
For you have horns to but, if I'me a whore.

200 *A witty passage.*

An old man sitting at a Christmas feast,
By eating Brawn occasioned a jest;
For whilest his tongue and gums chafed about
For want of pales the chafed bore broke out,
And lights perchance upon a handsome lasse,
That neer him at the table placed was,
Which when she'spi'd she pluck'd out of her sleeve
A pin and did it to the old man give, (slip,
Saying sith your brawn, out of your mouth doth
Sir take this pin and therwith close your lip,
And bursting into laughter, strain'd so much,
As with that strain her back-part spak low-dutch
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin restore;
And bad her therwith close her postern doore.

201. *A new married Bride.*

The first of all our sex came from the side of man,
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

202. *On a Pudding.*

The end is all, and in the end,
the praise of all depends,
A Pudding merits double praise,
because it hath two ends.

203. *Answer.*

A Pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother,
For it begins at one and ends at th'other.

204. *On Maydes.*

Most Maids resemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, then the'are wives.
As *Eve* knew no man ere fruit wrought her wo,
So these have fruit oft ere their husband know.

205. *On a man whose choise was to be hang'd or married.*

M. Loe here's the Bride, and here's the Tree,
Take which of these best liketh thee.
R. The choise is bad on either part,
The woman's worse, drive on the cart.

206. *Women.*

Were women as little, as they are good,
A Pescod would make them a gown and a hood.

207. *On a louse.*

A louse no reason hath to deale so ill,
With them of whom she hath so much her will,
She hath no tongue to speak ought in their praise
But to back-bite them, findes a tongue alwaies.

208. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the street,
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet;

The

The Courtier ſaid, (minding nought more then
Unto the Scholler meeting face to face, (place
To take the Wall, baſe men Ile not permit,
The Schollar ſaid, I will, and gave him it.

Cede majoribus.

I tooke the Wall one rudely thruſt me by,
And told me the high way did open lye,
I thank him that he would me ſo much grace,
To take the worſe and leave the better place.
For if by owners we eſteem of things,
The wall's the ſubjects, but the way the kings.

Of Women.

Are Women Saints? no Saints, and yet no devils,
Are Women good? not good but needfull evils,
So angel-like that devils you need not doubt,
Such needfull evils, that few can be without.

A Rule for Courtiers.

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deafe & dumbe.

212. *Why Women weare a fall.*

A question 'tis why women weare a fall,
The truth it is to pride they are given all,
And pride the proverbe sayes will have a fall.

213. *Foras expertus.*

Prisens hath beene a traveller, for why?
He will so strangely swagger, sweare, and lye.

214. *To a painted Whore.*

Whosoever saith thou sellest all, doth jest,
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sells all the rest.

215. *Liber too wary to thrive.*

Liber is late set up and wanteth custome,
Yet great resort hath got, but will not trust 'em:
Is not his love unto his friend the greater,
He'l want himselfe, e're hee'l see him a debtor.

216 *On Venus and Vulcan.*

I muſe, why *Venus* hath ſuch fiery holes,
I thinke that *Vulcan* once there blow'd his coales.

217 *Detur quod meritum.*

A courtier kind in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,
Came to his friend to cleare his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leſt he ſhould be more then chidden
Fell to flatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſſe,
You three foot higher well deſerve to kiſſe.

218.

Gluto, at meales is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk
When every one that ſits about the bord,
Makes ſport to aske, what *Gluto* ne're a word?
He forc'd to anſwer being very loath
Is almoſt choak'd ſpeaking and eating both.

219. *Sorte tua contentus.*

Bartus being bid to ſupper to a Lord,
Was marſhall'd at the lower end of the boord,
Who vext thereat' mongſt his comrades doth fret
And ſweares that he below the ſalt was ſet;
But *Bartus* th'art a fool to fret and ſweare,
The ſalt ſtands on the bord wouldſt thou ſit there?

220. *Fovent periuria furtum.*

Piſo hath ſtoln a ſilver bole in jeſt,
For which ſuſpected only, not confeſt,
Rather then *Piſo* will reſtore your bole,
To quit the body, he will caſt the ſoule.

221. *The promiſe breaker.*

Ventus doth promiſe much, but ſtill doth breake,
So all his promiſes are great and weake;
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling ſo great, that they are broke out right.

222. *Nummos & damona jungit.*

Bat bids you ſwell with envy till you burſt,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,
Bringing th'example of the fox that's curſt, (kill;
And threatning folks who have leaſt power to
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,
That hath already got the Devill and all.

223. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

Paulus a pamphlet doth in proſe preſent,
Unto his Lord, (the fruits of idle time)
Who far more careleſſe than therewith content,
Wiſheth it were converted into rime:
Which done and brought him at another ſeaſon,
Sayd now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reaſon.

224. *Non ceſſat perdere luſor.*

Aske *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes.
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbes and flowes,
Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot be good,
For all men know, 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

225 *Volucrem sic decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horse-courser (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate,
Claps on his hand, and prayes he may not thrive
If that his gelding be not under five.

226 *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor lesse meant *Promus* when that vow he made,
Then to give ore his cous'ning tapsters trade,
Who check'd for short & frothy measure, swore
He never would from thence forth fill pot more.

227 *Virescit vulnere Venus.*

Snsan's well sped and weares a velvet hood,
As who should know, her breeding hath been good
'Tis reason she should rise once in her life,
That fell so oft before she was a wife.

228 *On Death.*

How base hath sin made man, to feare a thing
Which men call *Mors*? which yet hath lost all sting,
And is but a privation as we know,

Nay

Nay is no word, if we except the Q,
Then let good men the feare of it defie,
All is but Q when they ſhall come to dye.

229 *On a rich country Gentleman.*

Of woods, of plaines, of hils and vales,
Of fields, of meades, of parks and pales,
Of all I had, this I poſſeſſe,
I need no more I have no leſſe.

230 *To Mr. Ben. Johnſon demanding the reaſon, why he call'd his playes works.*

Pray tell me *Ben*, where doth the miſtery lurke,
What others call a play, you call a worke.

231 *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in Mr. Johnſons defence.*

The authors friend thus for the author ſayes,
Bens plais are works, whē others works are plais.

232 *On Crambo a lowſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhift ſince lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſe and feed,
Crambo I muſe how you have lice ſo many,
Since all men know, you ſhift as much as any.

233 *Ad Aristarchum.*

Be not agriev'd my numerous lines afford
Of looser language here and there a word,
Who undertakes to sweep a common sincke,
I cánot blame him, though his broome do stinck.

234 *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives naught, men say, though much hee crave,
Yet I can tell to whom the pox he gave.

235 *On Covetous persons.*

Patrons are latrons, then by this,
Th' are worst of greedy people,
Whose cognizance a Wolfes head is,
And in his mouth a sheeple.

236 *On A dyer.*

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet still he dyes.

237 *Non verbera sed verba.*

Two Schollers late appointed for the field,
Most, which was weakest to the other yeeld;

The quarrell firſt began about a word,
Which now ſhould be decided by the ſword,
But ere they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends again by diſputation.

238 *In Octavium.*

Octavius lying at the point of death,
His gelding kindly did to me bequeath:
I wanted one, and was in haſte to ride,
In better time he never could have di'd.

239 *Of letting.*

In bed a yong man with his old wife lay,
O wife quoth he I've let a thing to day,
By which I feare I am a looſer much:
His wife replyes youthes bargaines ſtill are ſuch;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring———
O wife quoth he, no looſer I am now,
A marv'lous ſaver I am made by you,
Yong men that old wives have may never fell,
Becauſe old wives quoth he let things ſo well.

240 *In Dossum.*

Dosse riding forth, the wind was very big
And strained court'sie with his perriwig,
Leaving his sconce behind so voyd of haire,
As Esops crow might breake her oyster there:
Foole he to thinke his haire could tarry fast,
When *Boreas* teares up forests with a blast.

241 *Post dulcia finis amarus.*

Jenkin a Welshman that had suites in law,
Iourneying to London chanc'd to steale a cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne're man saw)
Was burnt within the fist, and know not how;
Being ask'd if well the lawes with him did stand,
Was have her now (quoth *Jenkin*) in her hand.

242 *Femina tudit, amat vires.*

Kind *Katherine* to her husband kist these words
Mine own sweet *Will* how dearly do I love thee.
If true (quoth *Will*) the world no such affords,
And

And that it's true I durſt his warrant bee,
For ne're heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved beſt her own ſweet will.

243 *Ad Tuſſerum.*

Tuſſer, they tell me when thou went alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy ſelf couldſt never thrive
So like the whetſtone many men are wont
To ſharpen others when themſelves are blunt.

244 *Præſtat videri quam eſſe.*

Clitus with clients is well cuſtomed,
That hath the Laws but little ſtudied,
No matter *Clitus* ſo they bring their fees,
How ill the caſe and thy advice agrees.

245 *Functus res agitur.*

A jealous merchant that a ſaylor met,
Ask'd him the reaſon why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their abſence might beget,
That ſtill at ſea conſtrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the ſaylor) think you that ſo ſtrange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walke th'ex-
(change.

246 *A Conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My ſelfe, a Swiſſe, with Hungarian,
At ſupper met diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

247 *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not a hypocrite and why?
He flyes all good, to fly hypocriſie.

248 *Quid non verba ſuadeant.*

Sextus, halfe ſaly'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had doone, himſelfe had not;
His empty pocket feels and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadnes ſirs here's not a croſſe to pay!

249 *Stu-*

249 *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes fast away, his fastest flight.
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

250 *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as children rattles keep,
When playd a while with't then they fall asleep.

252 *In Fannium.*

What furi's this, his foe whilst *Fannius* flyes,
He kils himselfe, for feare of death he dies.

253 *To Vellius.*

Thou sweareſt I bowle as well as most men doe,
The most are bunglers, therein thou say'ſt true.

254 *In divites inutiles.*

Rich friends' gainst poore to anger full are prone
It is not well but profitably done.

255 *Durum*

255 *Durum telum necessitas.*

Coquus with hunger penniless const rain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,
Had suddainly this project entertain'd;
Instead of what's to pay, to call mine host,
Who being come entreateth him discusse,
What price the law allots for shedding blood:
Whereto mine host directly answers thus,
'Twas alwayes forty pence he understood,
So then quoth *Coquus* to requit your paines,
Pray break my head, & give me what remaines.

256 *Love's Lunay.*

Before I knew what might belong to war,
I was content to suffer many a scarre;
Yet none could hurt me, till at length a boy,
Disgrace to manhood, wrought my sad annoy,
This lad though blind, yet did he shoot a dart
Which pierc'd my brest and lighted on my heart
Yet did I feele no hurt till from above,
I heard a voyce say souldier you must love,

I lik't it well and in this pleasing vaine:
I lost my wits to get my heart againe.

257 *To an upstart.*

Thine old frieds thou forgott having got wealth
No maruaile, for thou hast forgot thy selfe.

258 *Suum cuique.*

A strange conception being lately had
Which kind of Musicke was the sweet'st and best,
Some prais'd the sprightly sound & some the sad
Some lik't the viols, and among the rest
Some in the bag-pipes commendations spoke,
(Quoth one stood by) give me a pipe of smoak.

259 *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new fashions doth invent,
Things which are old, young men do not esteeme
What pleas'd our fathers doth not us content
What figurish clothes we out of fashion deeme,
And that's the cause as I doe understand,
Why Prodigus did sell his fathers land.

260 *In medicum.*

When Mingo cryes how doe you sir? is thought
His Patient's wanteth and his Practice's naught:
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
With I am glad to see you well—he greeteth.

But

But who'l beleeve him now, when all can tell,
The World goes ill with him, when all are well.

261. *Crispati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his shoulder weares a dangling lock?
The one foretels heel' sooner fly then fight,
The other showes hee's wrapt in's mothers smock.
But wherefore weares he such a jingling spur?
O know, he deales with jades that will not stir.

262. *Most men mistaken.*

Good, bad, rich, poore, the foolish and the sage,
Doe all cry out against the present age:
Ignorance make us thinke our young times good
Our elder dayes are better understood:
Besides grieses past, we easily forget,
Present displeasures make us sad or fret.

263. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a woman's hayre doth weare,
But yet he weares the same comb'd out behind;
So men the wallet of their faults doe beare,
For if before him, he that fault should finde:
I thinke foule shame, would his faire face invade,
To see a man so like a woman made.

264. Of Batardas.

Batardas needs would know his Horoſcope,
To ſee if he were borne to ſcape the rope:
The *Magus* ſayd, ere thou mine anſwer have,
Muſt the names of both thy parents crave:
That ſayd, *Batardas* could not ſpeake, but ſpit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doores at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To aske his mother for his fathers name.

265. An idle houſwife.

Fine, neat, and curious miſtreſſe butterfly,
The idle toy, to pleaſe an ideots eyes:
You, that wiſh all good houſwives hang'd, for why,
Your daies work's done, each morning as you riſe:
Put on your gown, your ruff, your mask, your chain,
Then dine, and ſup, and goe to bed againe.

266. Conſuetudo lex.

Two woers for a wench were each at ſtrife,
Which ſhould enjoy her to his wedded wife:

Quoth th' one, she's mine because I first her saw,
She's mine quoth th'other by Pye-corner law:
Where sticking once a pricke on what you buy,
Its then your owne, which no man must deny.

267. In Battum.

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ,
Before that love inspir'd his dull-head wit:
And that himselfe in love, had wit no more,
Than one stark mad, though somewhat wise before.

268. To Women.

You were created Angels pure and faire,
But since the first fell, tempting devils you are:
You should be mens blisse, but you prove their rod
Were there no women men might live like gods.

269. On marriage.

Wedding and hanging the destinies dispatch,
But hanging to some, seemes the better match.

269. *In Dol pregnantem.*

Dol learning *propria quæ maribus* without booke,
Like *nomen crescentis genetivo* doth looke.

270. *Against a certaine.*----

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'hadſt rather have.

271. *Loves progreſſe.*

Loves firſt approach, delights, ſweet ſong doth ſing.
But in departure, ſhe woes ſting doth bring.

272. *On old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſſe, yet, when ſhe was yong,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue:
What ſhall I then of toothleſſe *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue hath worne her teeth away.

273. *On a Bed-rid man.*

A bed-rid man before the Judge was brought,
The Judge bids ſtand up ſirrah as you ought:
Oh Sir, nor goe, nor ſit, nor ſtand can I,
I am your friend, pray give me leave to lie:
Art thou my friend quoth he? then lie thy fill,
A Judge gives all his friends leave to lie ſtill.

274. *On Gallants cloakes.*

Without plain cloakes, within, plush't: but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within, and beſt without.

275. *On Banks the uſurer.*

Banks feeles no lameneſſe on his knotty gout,
His monies travels for him in and out:
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toyles to be at hell as ſoone as they.

276. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Ariſtotles*:
Hang't give him wealth enough, let wit ſtop bottles,

277. Or

277. On the same.

Tom vow'd to beate his boy against the wall,
And as he strucke he forth-with caught a fall:
The boy deriding said, I do averre,
Y' have done a thing you cannot stand to sir.

278. On debt.

To be indebted is a shame men say,
Then 'tis confessing of a shame to pay.

279. A forsworne maid.

Rosa being false and perjur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and marke her end:
But yet I care not, let my friend goe fiddle,
Let him marke her end, I'le marke her middle.

280. On Soranzo.

Soranzos broad-brimb'd hat I oft compare
To the vast compasse of the heavenly spheare:
His head, the earth's globe, fixed under it,
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

281. *To a great gueſt.*

With other friends I bid you to my feaſt,
Though comming late, yet are you not the leaſt.

282. *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd ſaith, God be prais'd,
Yet never praiſeth God for meat, or drinke:
Sith *Cotta* ſpeaketh and not practiſeth,
Hee ſpeaketh ſurely what he doth not thinke.

283. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a ſervant to the heart,
And what it gave the freely did impart:
But now hypocriſie is growne ſo ſtrong,
She makes the heart a ſervant to the tongue.

284. *On poverty.*

If thou be poore, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
None now do wealth, but on the rich beſtow.

285. *In ebriosum.*

Fie man (saith shee) but I tell mistresse *Anne*.
Her drunken husband is no drunken man:
For those wits, which are overcome with drinke,
Are void of reason, and are beasts I thinke.

286. *Wills errour.*

Will sayes his wife's so fat, she scarce can goe,
But she as nimbly answers, faith Sir no:
Alas good *Will* thou art mistaken quite,
For all men know, that she is wondrous light.

287. *On Rome.*

Hate & debate, *Rome* through the world hath spread,
Yet *Roma amor* is if backward read:
Then is't not strange, Rome hate should foster? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

288.

All things have savour, though some very small,
Nay a boxe on the eare hath no smell at all.

289. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When fortune fell asleep, and hate did blind her,
Art; Fortune lost; and Ignorance did find her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with fortunes store,
Hath bin enrich'd, and Art hath still bin poore.

290. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to shew his liberality,
Made *Lusus* drunke; a noble quality,
And much esteem'd, which *Bibens* fain would prove
To be the signe of his familiar-love.
Lusus beware, thou'lt find him in the end,
Familiar devill, no familiar friend.

291. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are common, common men do use,
The better sort do common things refuse:
Yet countries-cloth-breech, and court-velvet-hose
Puffe both alike, Tobacco, through the nose.

292. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutch-man goes,
Yet drunke with Engliſh ale; one would ſuppoſe:
That he would ſhoulder down each door & wall,
But they muſt ſtand, or he, poore foole muſt fall.

293. *On love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers ſay,
Thou following him, with one he flies away;
With th'other, if thou flie he followes thee,
Therefore the laſt, Love, onely uſe for mee.

294. *On the ſame.*

Love, as 'tis ſaid, doth work with ſuch ſtrange tools,
That he can make fooles wiſe-men, wiſe-men fools:
Then happy I, for being nor foole, nor wiſe,
Love with his toyes and toles I ſhall deſpiſe.

295. *On a woman.*

Some the word wanton fetch, though with ſmal skil
From thoſe that want one to effect their will.

If

If ſo, I thinke that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want one.

296. *In procos.*

Who woes a wife, thinkes wedded men do know,
The onely true content, I thinke not ſo:
If woe in wooers be, that women court,
As the word woe in wooers doth import:
And woe in women too, that courted be,
As the word woe in women we do ſee.
I thinke 'tis better lead a ſingle life,
Than with this double woe to wooe a wife.

297. *Ingenium ſequitur fames.*

Cloe would feed upon the daintieſt fare,
That with the court or country might compare:
For what lets Cloe that he need to care,
To frolique freely with the proud'ſt that dare:
But this exceſſe was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd banquerout e're he was aware.

298.

298. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:
His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deeme,
That hee is ſuch as he doth never ſeeme.

299. *On Priſcus miſtreſſe.*

Priſcus commends his miſtreſſe for a girle,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearle:
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it will be found,
He payes too deare, they coſt him many a pound.

300. *On women.*

Women, thinke wo—men far more conſtant be,
Than we men, and the letter O we ſee:
In wo—men, not in we men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe, we men ſay nay:
It meanes the moone, which proves (none thinke it ſtrange.
Women are conſtant, & moſt erre in change)

301. *On Promises.*

My mistresse sweares she'd leave all men for mee,
Yea though that Jove himselfe should rivall be,
She sweares it, but what women sweare to kind-
Loves, may be writ in rapid seas and wind.

302. *On souldiers.*

Nor faith, nor conscience common souldiers carry,
Best pay, is right, their hands are mercinary.

303. *On a barbar.*

Suppose my Barber when his razors nigh
My throat, should then aske wealth and liberty:
I'de promise sure, the Barber askes not this,
No, 'tis a theefe, and feare imperious is.

304. *Drusius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Drusius* in the field,
Because the straw, stout *Drusius* would not yeeld,
On which their mistresse trod, they both tid meet,
Drusius in fight fell dead at *Furios* feet;

On

One had the Straw, but with it this Greek letter π
The other loſt it, pray who had the better?

305. *On Cupid.*

Love is a boy, and ſubject to the rod
Some ſay, but lovers ſay he is a god:
I thinke that love is neither god, nor boy,
But a mad-braines imaginary toy.

306. *On Durus.*

A friend of *Durus* comming on a day
To viſit him, finding the doores ſay nay;
Being lock'd faſt up, firſt knocks, & then doth pauſe,
As Lord have mercy on's had beene the cauſe;
But miſſing it, he ask't a neighbour by
When the rich *Duru's* were lock't, and why?
He ſaid it was a cuſtome growne of late
At dinner time, to locke your great men's gate.
Duru's his poore friend admir'd, & though the door
Was not for ſtate lock'd up, but 'gainſt the poore,
And thence departing empty of good cheere,
Said, Lord have mercy on us is not here.

307. On a Puritan.

From impure mouthes now many beare the name.
Of Puritan, yet merit not the ſame;
This one ſhall onely be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet ſeems an honeſt man.

308. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Pedes growne proud makes men admire thereat
Whoſe baſer breeding, ſhould they think not bear it,
Nay, he on cock-horſe rides, how like you that?
Tut *Pedes* proverbe is, Win gold and weare it.
But *Pedes* you have ſeen them riſe in haſt,
That through their pride have broke their neck (at la

309. *Vpon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed her husband lookes
To know's child's fortune throughout his bookes,
His neighbours thinke h'had need ſearch backwa
And learn for certain who had bin the father. (rat

310. *In Superbum.*

Ruſtick *Superbus* fine new clothes hath got,
Of Taffata and Velvet, faire in ſight;
The ſhew of which hath ſo bewitcht the fot,
That he thinkes Gentleman to be his right.
But he's deceiv'd; for true that is of old,
An Ape's an Ape, though he weare cloth of gold.

311. *No truth in wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can find it there,
For in your Tavernes, men will lie and ſweare.

312. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was ſo free of oathes laſt day,
That hee would ſwear, what e're he thought to ſay:
But now ſuch is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,
The more he ſweares, the leſſe he is beleev'd.

313. *On Christmas Ivy.*

At Christmas men do alwaies Ivy get,
And in each corner of the house it set.
But why do they, then, use that *Bacchus* weed?
Because they mean, then, *Bacchus*-like to feed.

314. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus*, to the earth did bend
His knee to drinke a health unto his friend:
And there he did, so long, in liquor poure,
That he lay quite sick-drunke upon the floore.
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindnesse shown,
To drinke his friend a health, and lose his owne?

315. *Of a fatman.*

He's rich, that hath great in-comes by the yeare,
Than that great belly'd man is rich, Ile swear:
For sure his belly ne're so big had bin,
Had he not daily had great commings in.

316. *Vindicta vim sequitur.*

Kit being kick'd and spurr'd, pursues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Wch, when the party wch had wrong'd him, saw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence.
Why then, quoth *Kit*, if I too much request;
Thou maist at any time lick out the rest.

317 *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they said he was a Gull;
Of his simplicity each mouth was full:
And pitying him, they'd say, the foolish Lad
Would be deceived, sure, of all he had.
His youth is past, now may they turn him loose;
For why? the Gull is grown to be a Goose.

318. *Per plumas ascer.*

See how yong *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthfull untill now:
E're Christmas next, his green Goose will be gray,
And those high burnish'd plums in's cap wil bow.

But you do wrong him, since his purse is full,
To call him Goose, that is so young a Gull.

319. *Of Ienkyn.*

Ienkin is a rude clown, go tell him so,
What need I tell, what he himselfe doth know?
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a sot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

320. *To Fortune.*

Poets say Fortune's blinde, and cannot see,
And therefore to be borne withall, if she
Sometimes drop gifts on undeserving wights:
But sure they are deceiv'd, she hath her sight,
Els could it not at all times so fall out,
That fools should have, and wise men go with-

321. *Lencus.*

Lencus loves life, yet liveth wickedly;
He hateth death, yet witheth he may dy
Honestly and well: so what is naught he loves,
And what hee would have good, hee naught a-

(prove-

322. *On Biſcus.*

I pray you, give ſir *Biſcus* leave to ſpeak,
The Gander loves to hear himſelf to creak.

323. *In Thraſonem.*

Since *Thraſo* met one ſtoutly in the field,
He crakes his ſpirit, and knows not how to yeeld,
Looks big, ſwears, ſtrouts with ſet-ſide-armes the ſtreets,
Yet gently yeelds the wall to all he meets
And to his friends that asks the reaſon, why?
His anſwer's this, My ſelf I grace thereby:
For every one the common proverb knows,
That alwayes to the wall the weakeſt go's.

324. *Nulla dies ſine linea.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better then gold,
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But Fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

325. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had bought,
To hang his Hat upon, and home it brought:
To whom his frugall wife, What needs that care
I hope, sweet-heart, your head your hat can bear

326. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kinde salute,
Would needs intreat my custome for a suit:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e're you please, Ile take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word, say than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

327. *On Sims marriage.*

Six months, quoth *Sim*, a Suitor, and not spe
I in a sevn-night did both woo and wed. (Iha
Who greene fruit loves, must take long paines
Thine was some down-fall, I dare undertake.

328. *On a Wittall.*

I know my fate, and that muſt bear;
And ſince I know, I need not feare.

329. *On Mopſus.*

Mopſus almoſt, what e're he means to ſpeak,
Before it, ſir-reverence the way muſt break:
Such maners hath ſir-reverence learnt at ſchool,
That now ſir-reverence *Mopſus* is a fool.

330 *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, and reck'ning all his neighbors,
Iuſt half of them are Cuckolds, he averrs.
Nay fie, quoth ſhe, I would they heard you ſpeak;
You of your ſelf, it ſeems, no reckoning make.

331. *Turpe lucrum Veneris.*

Will in a wilfull humour, needs would wed
A wench of wonder, but without a ſtock, (ſpred,
Whoſe fame no ſooner through the ſtreet was
But thither ſtraight our chiefeſt Gallants flock.

Put caſe ſhe's poor, brings ſhe not chapmen on?
I hope his ſtock may ſerve to graff upon.

332. *On Womens faults.*

We Men in many faults abound,
But two in Women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceeds,
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

333. *Si hodie tibi, cras mihi.*

A ſcornfull Dame, invited over-night,
To come and dine next morrow with a Knight,
Refus'd his ſudden bidding with diſdain,
To whom this meſſage was return'd again;
Sith with ſo ſhort time ſhe could not diſpence,
To pray her come at that day Twelve-moneth hence.

334. *On Law.*

Our Civill-Law doth ſeem a Royall thing,
It hath more Titles then the Spaniſh King:
But yet the Common-Law, quite puts it down,
In getting, like the Pope, ſo many a Crown.

335. *Better lost then found.*

Lo here's a Coyner, yet he fears no death,
For he ne'r ſtamps in mettall, but in breath:
Swears from Believe me, and Good-faith & troth,
Up to God-damn-me, and without an oath
Proteſts in nothing, be he ne'r ſo bare,
He's brave in this, that he can bravely ſwear.

336. *In Coam.*

A nor Ω will *Coa* eſpy,
Till ſhe aſcend up the corner'd Π.

337. *De Ore.*

Os of O, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take.
And I had been in *Scaliger's* belief,
But that I look'd in O, and ſaw no Teeth.

338. *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelf alone.

339. *Fronti nulla fides.*

Cantus that Wooll-ward went, was wondred at;
Which be excus'd, as done through pure contri-(tion.
But who so simple, *Cantus*, credits that?
Tis too well known, thou art of worse condition.
And therefore if no linnen thee begirt,
The naked truth will prove, thou hast no shirt.

340. *On Severus.*

Severus is extreme in Eloquence,
For he creates rare phrase, but rarer sence:
Unto his Serving-man, *alias*, his Boy,
He utters speech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminitive, and my defective slave,
My Pleasures pleasure is, that I must have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T'insconce my person from frigidity.
His man believes all's Welsh his master spoke,
Till he rails English, Rogue, go fetch my Cloak.

341. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whose oathes fly through (mine ears?
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he swears!

How

How Dutch-man like he ſwallowes downe his (drink!
How ſweet he takes Tobacco, till he ſtink!
How lofty ſprighted, he diſdains a Boor!
How faithfull hearted he is to a ——!
How cock-tail proud he doth himſelf advance!
How rare his Spurs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I proteſt, by Miſtris *Suſans* Fann,
He and his Boy will make a proper Man.

342. *Againſt Cajus.*

Twenty ſmall pieces I'd have borrowed late,
Which, if beſtow'd, had been a gift not great:
For, 'was a rich friend whom I ask'd, and old;
Whoſe crowded cheſts would ſcarce his riches (hold.
He cry's turne Lawyer, and thou'lt thrive: I'd (have
No Councell, *Cajus*, give me what I crave.

343. *On* Vertue, Milla's *maid*

Saith *Ariſtotle*, *Vertue* ought to be
Communicative of her ſelf, and free;

And

And hath not *Venive*, *Milla's* maid, been ſo?
Who's grown hereby, as big as ſhe can go.

344. *On Corydon.*

An home-ſpun Peaſant with his Urine-glaſſe,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your Worſhip, that, ſhall by my water know.

345. *Fama mendax.*

Report, thou ſometime art ambitious,
At other times, too ſparing, covetous;
But many times exceeding envious,
And out of time moſt dev'liſh, furious.
Of ſome, or all of theſe, I dare compound thee,
But for a Lyer ever I have found thee.

346. *On a Spaniſh ſouldier.*

A Spaniſh ſouldier, ſick unto the death,
His Piſtoll to's Phyſician did bequeath.
Who did demand, what ſhould the reaſon be,
'Bove other things to give him that. (Quoth he)

This

This, with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

347. *On Otho.*

Three daughters *Otho* hath, his onely heirs,
But will by no means let them learn to write;
'Cauſe, after his own humour, much he fears,
They'l one day learn, Love-letters to indite.
The yongeſt now's with childe; who taught her (then,
Or of her ſelf learn'd ſhe to hold her pen?

348. *Vpon the Aſſe.*

The Aſſe a Courtier on a time would be,
And travell'd forraine Nations for to ſee;
But home returned, faſhion he could none,
His maine and taile, were only larger grown.

349. *On Hypocriſie.*

As Veniſon in a poor mans kitchin's rare,
So Hypocrites and Uſurers in Heaven are.

350. *On*

350. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dies, as Poets ſung,
His Heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers, the tongue.

351. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) becauſe I'd live a quiet life.

352. *On Furnus.*

Furnus takes pains; he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labours much. How? with the Gout.

353. *On a Thief.*

A Thief condemned for a hainous crime,
Was for to loſe his Tongue at the ſame time:
But he the Court intreats with feigned tears,
To ſpare his Tongue, and cut off both his Ears.
To this, the Judge, and all the Bench agreed,
And for th' Executioner ſent with ſpeed:
Who being come, and ſearching, there was found
No Ears, but Hairs, at which, all laughed round.

Saith

Saith th'Judge, thou hast no Ears. Sir (quoth the (wight)
Where there is naught, the King must lose his (right.

354. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Mistris is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit dismaid,
For sure as death (quoth she the villains drunk,
And in that taking, knowes not what he said.
'Twas well excusd, but oft it comes to passe,
That true we finde, *In vino veritas.*

355. *Infirmis animosus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their (hearts?

356. *Aculius adcurtum.*

Lixa that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known in seen:
And reason good, he hath the place resign'd;
Witnes his cloak, throughout with velvet lin'd.

Which

Which by a Paradox comes thus to paſſe.
The greaſie Gull is turn'd a gallant aſſe.

357. *Fruſtra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was, Stand, and after ſtand-Deliver.
But *Dick's* in Newgate, and he fears ſhall never
Be bleſt again with that ſweet word, Deliver.

358. *Magnis non eſt morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accompliſhed,
With due performance of his Fathers Page:
Looks back of purpoſe to be honoured,
And on each ſlight occaſion gins to rage;
You, villain, dog, where hath your ſtay bin ſuch?
Quoth he, the Broaker would not lend ſo much.

359. *Puduit ſua damna referre.*

Such ill ſucceſſe had *Dick*, at Dice, laſt night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play leaſt in ſight:
But if you love him, make thereof no ſpeeches,
He loſt his Rapier, Cloak, and velvet Breeches.

360. *On Dare, an up-start Poet.*

Dare, a freſh Author to a friend did boaſt,
Hee'd ſhew in cheap, his name upon a poſt,
But did *Dare's* friend to's hoſtes houſe but walk,
Sheel'd ſhew't him there on every poſt in chalk.

361. *Nimis docuit conſuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft repleniſhed,
But naught thereof muſt be diminiſhed,
Unleſſe ſome worthleſſe upper-diſh or twain;
The reſt for ſervice ſtill again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for ſhow,
Leaving a diſh upon the bench below,
Was by his Maſter (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with anſwer quickly fram'd,
'Tath been ſo oft'n brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoft it ſelf had known the way

362. *Pocula jungantur amici.*

A health, ſaith *Lucas*, to his lowes bright eye;
Which not to pledge, were much indignity,

You

You cannot do him greater courtesie,
Than to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

363. *Nullum stimulum ignaris*

Cæcus awake, was told the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkness of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* sluggish, thereto makes reply,
The Sun hath further far to go then I.

364. *In Richardum.*

At three go downes *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The English Gutter's Latin for his throat.

365. *Detur laudi egregio.*

Mistris *Marina*, 'mongst some gossips sate,
Where faces were the subject of their chat;
Some look'd too pale, some deem'd too fiery red,
Some brown, some black, and some ill fashioned.
Good Lord (quoth she) you all are much to blame
Let's alone, and praise the maker of the same:
Her Chamber-maid, who heard her, handling both
Said, then love me, for that you know was I.

366. *Non penna, ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelfe accurſt of men,
Onely becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,
And yet hath ſince, another Tutor got.
Cajus, it ſeemes, thy skill ſhee did but cheapen,
And meanes to try him at another weapen.

367. *An abſolute Gallant.*

f you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd,
eare *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid:
'ye ſee me wrong'd, and will yee thus reſtrain me?
r let me goe, for by theſe hilts I'le braine ye.
all a baſe patch, with appearance wrong mee?
le kill the villaine, pray do not prolong mee;
all my Tobacco putrified ſtuffe?
ell mee it ſtinkes? ſay it is droſſe I ſnuffe?
rrah what are you? why Sir, what would you?
m a Prentice, and will knocke you too:
are you ſo? I cry you mercy then,
m to fight with none but Gentlemen.

368. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth shew his purse, and tell you this,
It is more horrid than a Pest-house is;
For in a Pest-house many mortals enter,
But in his purse one angell dares not venter.

369. *Ambo-dexter.*

Two Gentlemen of hot and fiery sp'rite,
Tooke boate and went up weitward to goe fight;
Embarked both, for Wend-worth they set Sail,
And there ariving with a happy gale:
The water-men discharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their minds declare:
Pray Oares, say they, stay here, and come not nigh
We go to fight a little, but here by:
The Water-men, with staves did follow then,
And cry'd, oh hold your hands, good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the Law, forbeare,
So they put weapons up, and fell to sweare.

370. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of mee,
My Lady I am purpos'd to goe ſee;
What, doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled haire become my face?
How decent doth my doublet's form appeare?
I would I had my ſute in Hounds-ditch here.
Do not my ſpurres pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Taylor with a ſheet of paper-bill,
Vow's he'll be paid, and Sergeants he hath fee'd,
Which wait your comming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'le ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

371. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſixe pockets weares; two for his uſes,
The other foure to pocket up abuſes.

372. *A ſtammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he;

For others ſpeake, but with their mouth he knows,
But *Balbus* ſpeakes both through the mouth and (noſe.

372. *Tom's fortune.*

Tom tel's he's robb'd, and counting all his loſſes.
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of croſſes.
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th'art certaine never to have croſſe agen.

373. *Opus & uſus.*

Opus for need, conſum'd his wealth apace,
And ne're would ceaſe untill he was undone;
His brother *Uſus* liv'd in better caſe
Than *Opus* did, although the eldeſt ſonne.
'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, yet here was it,
Opus had all the Land, *Uſus* the Wit.

374. *A good wife.*

A Batchelor would have a Wife were wiſe,
Faire, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed——

Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultleſſe ſize;
A Country houſwife, in the City bred.
But he's a foole, and long in vaine hath ſtayd;
He ſhould beſpeake her, ther's none ready made.

375. *Vpon Gellia.*

When *Gellia* went to ſchoole, and was a girle,
Her teeth for whitenes might compare with pearle:
But after ſhe the taſt of ſweet meates knew,
They turn'd all Opalls, to a perfect blew,
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco, what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet,

376. *On an inconſtant Miſtreſſe.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e're my praiſes end.

377. *In Lesbiam.*

Why ſhould I love thee *Lesbia*? I no reaſon ſet;
Then out of reaſon, *Lesbia*, I love thee.

378. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs mee, yet he daily ſweares,
He wiſheth mee as well as to his ſoule:
I know his drift to damne that hee nought cares,
To pleaſe his body; therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kind nature, will afford mee grace,
Hereafter love mee in thy body's place.

379. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would faine th'old widow *Egle* haye;
Truſt me ſhee's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:
But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhe will none of you,
In my mind ſhe's the wiſer of the two.

380. *Of a drunkard.*

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whil'ſt he breathed he would drink no mor
But ſince I know his meaning, for I thinke
He meant he would not breath whilſt he did drin

381. To Cotta.

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not ſalute thee,
I us'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted ſaint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

382. To women.

Yee that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong leſſon without ditty.

383. On Creta.

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proofe, for every one can tell:
So ſtrong's her love, that if I not miſtake,
It doth extend to others, for his ſake.

384. On Priſcus.

Why ſtill doth *Priſcus* ſtrive to have the wall?
Becauſe he's often drunke and feares to fall.

385. *Vpon Indeedla.*

Indeedla grumbles much, that he a penny,
Is levied in collection to the poore:
Indeedla but you are the first of any,
Will contribute unto a handsome ——

386. *Ictus piscator sapit.*

Brutus at length escap'd the Surgeons hands,
Begins to frollique as if all were well;
And would not for the worth of thrice his lands,
Endure the brunt of such another hell;
But leaves this farewell for his Physickes hire,
The child that's burnt, for ever dreads the fire.

387. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay ye what you dare,
I'le throw at all, and 'twere a pecke of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyne I'le never spare,
Why *Rufus*, that's the cause of all that's sold.
For with franke gamesters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all till thrown quite out of all.

389. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of ſo great power,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

390. *Vpon Naſuto.*

When at the Table once I did averre,
Well taken diſcords beſt did pleaſe the eare,
And would be judg'd by any Quiriſter,
Were in the Chappell, Pauls, or Weſtminſter,
Naſuto ſitting at the neather end, (friend,
(Firſt having drunke and cough'd) quoth hee my
If that were true, my wife and I, I feare,
Should ſoone be ſent to ſome Cathedrall Quire.

391. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deepe diſcourteſie,
Call's at Atturny meere neceſſity:
The more knave hee, admit he had no Law,
Muſt he be flouted at by every Daw?

392. On Furius.

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd so madly, that he lost his wits;
Yet he lost nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loose that which he never had.

393. Fooles fortune.

God sends fooles fortune, but not to all,
For some are great fools, whose fortunes are small.

394. Tace sed age.

Little or nothing said, soone mended is,
But they that nothing do, do most amisse.

395. On Count surly.

Count surly will no Scholler entertain.
Or any wiser than himselfe, how so?
The reason is, when fooles are in his traine,
His wit amongst them, makes a goodly show.

396. On Women.

When man lay dead-like, woman tooke her life
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

397. *Poore Irus.*

Irus uſing to lye upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poore feather under mee;
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lye on a bed of theſe.

398. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſt, *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart, free from ſorrows touch:
Shee'le dance, and ſing, a hem boyes, hey all fixe,
She's ſtill to'th backe all mirth all *Meritrix*.

399.

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

400.

A young beginner walking through Cheap-ſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpi'd,
And read the bill, which o're the dore was ſet,
Which ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;
That knowne, he ask't a young man preſently,
Which at the next doore did ſtand demurely.
May not this ſhop be let alone? quoth hee,
Yes, you may let't alone for oughe I ſee.

401. *On a woman.*

All women naturally are called *Eves*,
Becauſe from *Eve* all women do proceed,
And by T H, are women turn'd to theeves,
Then unto *Eve* if you put *l.* behind,
Your woman's turn'd quite from *Eve* to *Evel:*
But place a *D.* before, and you ſhall find

That

That ſhee by doing Evell is turned Devel,
So that from *Eves* to Theeves, from Theeves to Devel.
Women do runne untill they come to th Devel.

402. *On deafe Ioane.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Juſt like a ſounding Jugge, that wants an eare.

403. *Of an ill wife.*

Priſcus was weeping when his wife did die,
Yet he was then in better caſe than I:
I ſhould be merry, and ſhould thinke to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

404.

Megge lets her husband boaſt of rule and riches,
But ſhee rules all the roaſt, and weares the breeches.

405. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a fiſher-man, the world wee ſee
His fiſh-pond is, and we the fiſhes bee:

Hee

He ſometimes angler-like, doth with us play,
And ſlily takes us one by one away;
Diſeaſes are the murthering hookes which hee
Doth catch us with, the baite mortality,
Which wee poore ſilly fiſh devour, till ſtrooke
At laſt too late, we feele the hooke.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once ſweeps up whole Cities full of men,
Drawing up thouſands at a draught and ſaves,
Onely ſome few, to make the others graves:
His net's ſome raging peſtilence; now he
Is not ſo kinde as other fiſhers be;
For if they take one of the ſmaller frye,
They throw him in againe, he ſhall not die:
But death ſure to kill all he can get,
And all is fiſh with him that comes net.

406. *Valiant in drinke.*

Who onely in his cups will fight, is like
A clocke that muſt be oyl'd well ere it ſtrike.

407. *Gaſters great belly.*

Gaſter did ſeeme to mee to want his eyes,
For he could neither ſee his legges, nor thighes,
But yet it was not ſo, he had his ſight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

408. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows ſick,
Then with himſelfe to worke goes faithfull *Dick*.
The buttery dore t'himſelfe he ſhutteth cloſe.
That done, then goes the pot ſtraight waies to's noſe:
A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-head then,
Muſt ſeeming pledge this honeſt faithfull man.
But ſtraight from kindnes *Dick* to humors grows,
And then to'th barrels he his valour ſhowes,
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glaſſes,
And railes at th tunnes; calling them drunken aſſes:
Nere ceaſing this ſame faithfull coyle to keepe,
Till under th'hogſhead he falls faſt aſleepe.

409. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty blocke *Sextinus* names his hat,
So much the fitter for his head, by that.

410. *Sine sanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their parents heard on't, O how they lamented!
But good luck was, they soon were freed of fear,
The one nere meant, the other came not there.

411. *On Humane bodies.*

Our bodies are like shooes, which off we cast,
Physicke their Cobler is, and death the Last.

412. *A tooth-lesse pratler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordaine,
The nimble frisking tongue for to containe:
No marvell then since that the hedge is out,
If *Fuscus*, tongue walketh so fast about.

413. *A muſicall Lady.*

A Lady fairer farre than fortunate,
(In dancing) thus o're-ſhot her ſelfe of late,
The muſicke not in tune, pleas'd not her mind,
For which ſhe with the fidlers fault did find;
Fidlers (quoth ſhe) your fiddles tune for ſhame,
But as ſhe was a ſpeaking of the ſame,
To mend the conſort) let ſhe did a (f.)
Whereas the fidling knaves thus did her greet.
Maddam your pip's in tune, it plaies moſt ſweete:
Strike up, quoth they, (but then the knaves did
And as you pipe, we'le dance another while. (ſmile)
At which, away the bluſhing Lady flings,
But as ſhe goes, her former notes ſhee ſings.

414. *In Laurettam.*

Lauretta is laid o're, how I'le not ſay,
And yet I thinke two manner of wayes I may,
Doubly laid o're, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o're with colours, and her coate with lace.

415. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou haſt little judgement in thy head,
More than to dreſſe thee, drinke and goe to bed;
Yet may'ſt thou take the wall, & th'way ſhalt lead,
Sith Logicke will's that ſimple things precede.

416. *Neceſſity hath no law.*

Florus did beate his Cooke, and gan to ſweare,
Becauſe his meate was rotten roſted there.
Peace good Sir (quoth the cook) need hath no law
'Tis rotten roſted, cauſe 'twas rotten raw.

417. *In carentium.*

Carentius might have wedded where he wood.
But he was poore, his meanes were nothing good
'Twas but for lacke of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater miſter.*

418. *Humors.*

Aske *Humors* why a feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) he'le ſweare.

Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-taile locke?
Or why upon a whore hee ſpends his ſtock?
Onely a humor: if you queſtion why,
His tongue is ne're unfurniſht with a lye.
If you perceive his wits in wetting ſhrunke,
It commeth of a humor to be drunke:
When you behold his lookes, pale, thin, and poor,
Th'occaſion is, his humor and a whore.

419. *To a Barbar.*

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags that Kings to him ſit bare:
Me thinkes hee ſhould not bragge and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggers while they ſit.

420. *Vpon grandtorto.*

The morrow after juſt, Saint *Georges* day,
Grandtorto piteous drunke, ſate in a ditch,
His hands by's ſide, his gelding ſtraid away,
His ſcarlet hoſe and doublet very rich;
With mud and mire all beaſtly raid and by
His feather with his cloſe-ſtoole-hat did ly.

We ask'd the reaſon of his ſitting there,
Zounds cauſe I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my throne; then for the love we beare,
Replyed my ſelfe unto your Majeſtie,
We'le pull you out, & henceforth wiſh your grace
Would ſpeake your proverbes in a warmer place.

421. *The Fencer and Phyſicke Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cryes) thus muſt you guard,
Thus muſt you ſlip, thus point, thus paſſe, thus ward
And if you kill him Sir, this tricke learn then
With this ſame tricke you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cries, fencing foole,
Both you and hee to me may come to Schoole,
Thou doſt but prate: my deeds ſhall ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I do kill.

422. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcornes all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be outgone in faſhions:
She ſaies ſhe cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gound, a petticoat, a band, or cuffe,

But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhe doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne're ſo deare a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion weare,
Whoſe haire is curl'd, & coſts her ſomewhat deare:
That there's no Citizen, what ere ſhe be,
Can be transformed ſo like an Owle as ſhe.

423. *A Civilian.*

A luſtie old growne-grave gray-headed Sire,
Stole to a wench to quench his luſts deſire,
She ask't him, what profeſſion he might be?
I am a Civill Lawyer, girle (quoth hee)
A Civill Lawyer Sir? you make nice muſe,
Your talke 's too broad for civill men to uſe:
If Civill Lawyers are ſuch bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth ſhe) are other Lawyers then?

424. *Rainaldo, and Reiner.*

Rainaldo meeting *Reiner* in the ſtreet,
Deepe in his debt he doth thus *Reiner* greet,
You know ſome mony is betwixt us two,
That well nigh now theſe ten yeares hath bin due.

Quoth *Reiner* (looking downe unto his feete)
I' faith and wee will part it, if I see't:
But as I live *Rinaldo* I find none,
As faine as you, I would you had your owne.

425. *Spinus his choyce.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench,
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spaniſh, French,
But I diſſwade him; for if ſhe hath any,
She hath enough: if two, ſhe as two too many.

426. *Backbiters.*

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what ere he ailes,
He kils them with his teeth, not his nailes;
Saying, that man by man may blameleſſe goe,
If every one would uſe backbiters ſo.

427. *In Salomu.*

Oft in the night *Salomus* is inclin'd,
To riſe and piſſe; and doth as oft breake wind:

If's urinall be glaſſe, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it ſo many crackes holds out.

428. *In Leonatum.*

The filthieſt, the fowleſt, deformed laſſe,
That is, will be, I thinke or ever was,
Leonatus loves, wherewith ſhould he him draw,
Except as ſhe's like jet, he be like ſtraw.

429. *Noſce teipſum.*

Walking and meeting one not long agoe,
I as't who 'twas, he ſaid he did not know:
I ſaid, I knew thee; ſo ſaid hee, I you,
But he that knowes himſelfe I never knew.

430. *Old ſilvium.*

Silvius by ſymony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it, pray why not?
For he the poore did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a Pillar of the Church.

431. *Arcades Ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till ſhe the paines of woman felt:
Now *Dick*, he thinkes to put a tricke on *Jack*;
And *Jack* againe to hang it on *Dick's* backe:
Which got the child, it makes't a double caſe,
It hath ſo like (they ſay) *Jack's* noſe, *Dick's* face,
But by both marks, my judgement ſhould be quick,
Et vitula tu dignus Jack & Dick.

432. *Ne ſide colori.*

When *Baſſa* walkes abroad ſhe paints her face,
And then ſhe would be ſeene in every place,
For then your Gallants who ſo ere they are,
Under a colour will account her faire.

433. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would needs praiſe Tin,
His braine could bring no reaſons in;
But what his belly did bethinke,
Platters for meat, and pots for drinke.

434. *In Virtutem.*

Vertue we praiſe but practiſe not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talke of *Robin Hood*,
Who never yet ſhot arrow in his bow.

435. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of fleſh
Is food: and that which doth our wits refreſh,
Is wholſome ſtudie: for like ſtronger fare,
Be ſolid Arts, but ſweet meats Poems are.

436. *On womens tongue.*

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall;
Phyſitians ſay, are alwaies Phyſicall.
Then women tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muſe,
That womens tongues in Phyſicke they ne're uſe?
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would ſpare that bitter member of their wives.

Then

Then prove them Doctor, use them in a pill;
Things oft help sick men, that doth sound men kill.

437. *A proper comparison.*

As there are three blue beanes in a blue bladder;
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nookes in a corner cap,
And three corners and one in a map;
Even so like all these,
There are three Universities.

438. *Romes wiselesse Clergie.*

Long did I wonder; and I wonder'd much, (due;
Romes-Church should from her Clergie take that
Thought I, why should she that Continent grutch?
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No: but why then are they debarred that fruite?
Is shee become a foe unto our owne?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other rude unfidwne?
Oh yes: they find a womans lips so dainty;
They'le tie themselves from one, cause they'le have (twenty.

439. Of Death.

He that feares death, or mournes it in the Juſt,
Shewes of the reſurrection little truſt.

440. Woman.

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe ſith her tongue runnes wide from every point;
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had been made
Of *Adams* whirlebone, when it was out of joynt.

441.

Nels husband ſaid, ſhee brought him nought but (toyes,
But yet (without his helpe) ſhe brings him boyes.

442.

Two friends diſcourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other could
Tell whether ſuch a man were wiſe?
He anſwer'd no, but he is otherwiſe.

443.

Into a Barbars ſhop there came
A carret-colour'd bearded man,
And asking for the boy *Tom Baret*,
Said, give me a *Turn-up* to my *Carret*.

444. *Friendſhip.*

A reall friend a Cannon cannot batter:
With nominall friends a ſquib's a perilous matter.

445. *On Eves apple.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gave't too deare a price,
What? for an apple give a Paradiſe?
If now a daies of fruit ſuch gaines were made,
A Coſter-monger were a devilliſh trade.

446.

Will the perfumer met mee in the ſtreete,
I ſtood amaz'd, he ask't me what I meant,

In

In faith ſaid I, your gloves are mighty ſweet
And yet your breath doth caſt a ſtronger ſent.

447. *On Poeticall Blinkers.*

He nine waies lookes, and needs muſt learned be,
That all the Muſes at one view can ſee.

448. *A conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a nut,
With a ſharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What ſigne is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'Tis ſigne, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not ſo, ſaith he, for now my finger's ſore,
And I am ſure that it was well before.

449. *Women.*

Howſoe're they be, thus do they ſeeme to mee,
They be and ſeeme not, ſeeme what leaſt they be.

450. *On Giles and Ioane.*

Who ſayes that *Giles* and *Joane* at diſcord be?
Th'obſerving neighbours, no ſuch mood can ſee.
Indeed poore *Giles* repents he married her,
But that his *Joane* doth too, & *Giles* would never,
By his good will, be in *Joanes* company,
No more would *Joane* he ſhould. *Giles* riſeth early,
And having got him out of dores is glad:
The like is *Joane*. But turning home is ſad,
And ſo is *Joane*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harſh ſighs at home, *Giles* wiſhes he were blind:
All this doth *Joane*: or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out ſpun, the like wiſh hath his wife.
The children that he keepes, *Giles* ſweares are none
Of his begetting, and ſo ſweares *Joane*.
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill;
If now with man and wife to will and nill
The ſelfe ſame things, a note of concord be;
I know no couple better can agree.

451. *A cure for impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Poole,
Or Bull-heads, or block-heads in the Schoole.

452. *To Gentlewomen with black hats.*

Tell mee, who taught you to give so much light
As may entice, not satisfie the sight?
Betraying what may cause us to admire,
And kindle onely lust, not quench desire.
Among your other subtilties this is one,
That you see all, and yet are seene of none.
'Tis the darke Lanthorne to the face: oh then
I may conclude there's treason against men.
Whil'st thus you onely do expose your lips,
'Tis but a faire and wantoner eclipse.
Meant how you will, at once to shew and hide,
At best it but the modestie of pride.

453. *To a proud Lady.*

Is it birth puffes up thy mind?
Women best borne, are best inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding? no, I ly'd;
Women well bred are foes to pride.
Is it thy beauty foolish thing?
Lay by thy clothes there's no such thing.

Is it thy vertue, that's deny'd,
Vertue is an oppofite to pride.
Nay then walke on, I'le fay no more,
Who made thee proud can make thee poore.
The Devill onely hath the skill,
To draw faire fooles to this fowle ill.

454. To miſtreſſe Mutable.

Love runnes within your veines, as it were mixt
With quick-ſilver, but would be wiſely fixt:
For though you may for beauty beare the bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes ſounds not well.

455. On a Mad-man.

One asked a mad-man if a wife he had?
A wife, quoth he, I never was ſo mad.

456. To Scilla.

If it be true, that promiſe it a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedome hardly get;

For

For if she hath vow'd her service to so many,
She'll neither pay them all, nor part from any.
Yet she to satisfie her debts, desires
To yeeld her body (as the Law requires.)

457. *Nescis, quid serus vesper vehat.*

Lyncus deviseth as he lies in bed,
What new apparell, he were best to make him:
So many fashions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will mistake him:
But he mistook him not, that by the way,
Did for his old suit lay him up, that day.

458. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath lost his nose, but knows not how,
And that seems strange to every one that knows it:
Methinks I see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did loose it.
To tell you true, *Ficus* I thus suppose,
'Twas some French Caniball, bit off your nose.

459. *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnalo free from fault, demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth she, good husband, do not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

460. *Quis nisi mentis inops.*

Ware proferr'd, stinks, yet stay good Proverb, for
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients best can say;
Who profering trebble fees, for single care,
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

461. *On a friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Canon cannot batter;
With nom'nall friends, a Squib's a perilous matter.

462. *On an Italian Proverb.*

Three women met upon the market day,
Do make a Market (they do use to say
In *Italy*) and why their tongues do walke,
As loud, as if an hundred men did talke.

Some

Some hearing this, swore had his wife bin there
And made a fourth, there might have bin a fair.

463. *Mans ingresse, and egresse.*

Nature, which head-long, into life did throng us,
With our feet forward, to our grave doth bring us:
What is lesse ours, than this our borrowed breath?
We stumble into life, we go to death.

464. *On bad debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers; for they say,
I'le pay you without fail, on such a day:
Come is the day, to come the debt is still,
So still they lye, though stand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath so oft ly'd in this wise,
That now he lies in Lud-gate for his lyes.

465. *On a foolish Iudge.*

A Iustice walking o're the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He said to's man, here's some danger, *James*,
I prethee help me over on thy back.

466. On Panurgus.

Panurgus pryes in high and low affairs,
He talks of forraigne, and our civill ſtate:
But for his own, he neither counts nor cares;
That he refers to fortune and his fate,
His neighbors faults ſtraight in his face he'l find
But on a bag he laps his own behind.

467. To a ſleeping talker.

In ſleep thou talk'ſt unfore-thought myſteries,
And utterſt unfore-ſeen things, with cloſe eyes:
How wel would'ſt thou diſcourſe, if thou wert dead
Since ſleep, death's image, ſuch fine talk hath bred?

468. Omne ſimile non eſt idem.

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine,
Miſtook a painted Madam for a ſigne
That in a window ſtood, but I acquainted,
Told him it was no woodden ſigne was painted,
But Madam ——— yea true ſaid he,
Yet 'tis little ſigne of modeſty.

469. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantiam.*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſou'd lines,
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſignes,
That might have bin, ſaith he to better uſe.
What ſenceleſſe gull, but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, but being kick'd will wince.

470. *On Miſus.*

They ſay the Uuſurer *Miſus* hath a mill,
Which men to powder grindeth cruelly;
But what is that to me? I feare no ill,
For ſmaller than I am, I cannot bee.

471. *On wiſdome and vertue.*

Wiſe-men are wiſer than good-men, what then?
'Tis better to be wiſer than wiſe men.

472. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps houſe, and it with reaſon ſtands,
That he keep houſe, hath ſold away his lands.

473. *On Mysus, and Mopsus.*

Mysus and *Mopsa* hardly could agree,
Striving about superiority:
The Text which saith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief argument they stood upon.
She held, they both one woman should become:
He held, they should be man, and both but one.
So they contended daily, but the strife;
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

474. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B. Court,
Cited (as he said) by a knave relator:
I ask'd him wherefore? he in laughing sort,
Told me it was but for a childish matter.
However he laught it out, he lied not:
Indeed 'twas childish, for the child he got.

475. *On Custrion.*

See, see, what love is now betwixt each sist,
Since *Custrion* had a scabby wrist.

How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother.

476. *New Rhetoricke.*

Good arguments without coyn, will not ſtick,
To pay, and not to ſay's beſt Rhetorick.

477. *To ſome kinde Readers.*

This Book of mine I liken to a glaſſe,
Wherein the foole may look and laugh his fill:
He having done with't Readers, as yee paſſe,
Here take and uſe it as long as you will.

478. *Eſt mihi Diva parens.*

Owimus wondreth, ſince he came from Wales,
What the deſcription of this Iſle might be;
That ne're had ſeen but mountains, hils, and dales,
Yet would he boaſt, and ſtand on's pedegree.
From Rice ap *Richard*, ſprung from *Dick* a Cow
Be co was right good gentle-man, law ye now.

479. *On Thirſites.*

Although *Thirſites* have a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her ſelfe, is not more naturall.

480. *On Zoylus.*

If Souldiers may obtain foure Termes of war,
Muskets ſhould be the pleaders, Pikes the bar:
For black bags, Bandeleirs, Jackets for gownes,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crack't crowns.

481. *On a ſwearing Gallant.*

What God commands, this wretched creature
He never names his Maker, but by oaths. Cloaths;
And weares his tongue, of ſuch a daintied faſhion,
That ſwearing is his only recreation.
In morning, even aſſoon as he doth riſe,
He ſwears his ſleep is ſcarcely out of's eyes;
Then makes him ready, ſwearing all the while,
The drowzy weather did him much beguile.

Got

Got ready, he, to dice or tables goes,
Swearing an oath at every caſt he throws:
To dinner next, and then in ſtead of Grace,
He ſwears his ſtomack is in hungry caſe.
No ſooner din'd, but cals, come take away,
And ſweares 'tis late, he muſt go ſee a Play.
There ſits and ſwears, to all he hears and ſee's,
This ſpeech is good, that action diſagrees.
So takes his Oars, and ſwears he muſt make haſt,
His houre of Supper-time is almoſt paſt.

482. *On a long beard.*

Thy Beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a ſhorter Beard, and longer wit.

483. *On my ſelfe.*

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend;
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when hee'l end.

484.

484. *To the mis-interpreter.*

Cease gaul'd backt guilt, those inscious lines to (mince,
The world will know y'are rubd if once you wince
They hem within their seeming Critique wall,
Particularly none, generally all:
'Mongst which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick
Cry we-hy if you will, but do not kick.

485. *On a Mother and her son having but two eyes betwixt them, each one.*

A half blind-boy, born of a half blind mother.
Peerelesse for beauty, save compar'd to th'other;
Faire boy, give her thine eye and she will prove
The Queen of beauty, thou the God of love.

486. *To his quill.*

Thou hast been wanton, therefore it is meet,
Thou shouldst do penance do it in a sheet.

487. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, see, *Rinaldus*! Prethee who is that,
That weares yon great green feather in his hat,

Like

Like to some Tilter? Sure it is some Knight,
Whose wits being green, his head must needs be light.

488. *Of Christ crucified.*

When red the Sun goes down, we use to say
It is a signe, we shall have a faire day:
Blood red the Sun of Heaven went down from thence
And we have had faire weather ever since.

489. *On himselfe*

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence,
Some commend plain conceits, some profound sence
Some wish a witty jest, some dislike that, (what.
And most would have themselves they know not
Then he that would please all, and himself too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to do.

490. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once studying to indite,
Nibled his fingers and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Vnlesse his wit lay at his fingers end.

491. *Vpon Dunmo.*

I *Dunmo* ask'd as we at ſupper ſate,
How long he had liv'd in the married ſtate,
Sir, juſt (quoth *Dunmo*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And ſighing, as he would have burſt in twaine,
Said, now almoſt the thirtieth of her raigne.

492. *Vpon Tom Toltham's noſe.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Toltham's* noſe,
Puts down the Lilly and obſcures the Roſe,
Had I a jewell of ſuch pretious hew,
I would preſent it to ſome Monarch's view,
No ſubject ſhould poſſeſſe ſuch gems as thoſe,
Ergo, the King muſt have *Tom Toltham's* noſe.

493. *Vpon Thorough-good an unthrift.*

Thy ſir name *Thorough-good* behitteth thee,
Thou *Thorough-good*, and good goes thorough thee
Nor thou in good, nor good in thee doth ſtay,
Both of you, thorough go, and paſſe away.

494. *In*

494. *In Amorem.*

Love, if a God thou art, then evermore thou muſt
Be mercifull and juſt,
If juſt thou be, O wherefore doth thy dart,
Wound mine alone, and not my Miſtriſſe heart?
If mercifull, then why am I to paine reſerv'd,
Who have thee truly ſerv'd?
While ſhee that for thy power cares not a fly,
Laughs thee to ſcorn, and lives at liberty:
Then if a God thou wilt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or elſe wound her like me.

495. *On the new dreſſings.*

Ladyes that weare black cypreſſe vailes,
Turn'd lately to white linnen railes,
And to your girdle weare your bands,
And ſhew your armes in ſtead of hands:
What can yo do in Lent more meet,
As fitteſt dreſſe, than weare a ſheet;
'Twas once a band, 'tis now a cloake,
An acorne one day proves oake,
Weare but your lawn unto your feet,
And then your band will prove a ſheet:
By which devict and wiſe exceſſe,
You do your pennance in a dreſſe,

And none ſhall know, by what they ſee,
Which Lady's cenſur'd, which goes free.

466 *Thus beſtowed.*

Black Cypreſſe vailes are ſhrouds of night,
White linnen vailes are vailes of light;
Which though we to our girdles weare,
W'have hands to keep your armes off there;
Who makes our hand to be a cloake,
Makes *John* a *Stiles* of *John* an *Oke*:
We weare our linnen to our feet,
Yet need not make our hand a ſheet.
Your Clergie wears as long as we,
Yet that implyes conformitie:
Be wiſe, recant what you have writ,
Leſt you do penance for your wit:
Love-charmes have power to weave a ſtring
Shall tye you, as you ty'd your ring,
Thus by loves ſharpe, but juſt decree
You may be cenſur'd, we go free.

497. *Amicitia.*

What's friendſhip? 'tis a treaſure,
'tis a pleaſure!

Bred 'twixt two worthy Spirits,
by their merits:
'Tis two minds in one meeting,
never fleeting:
Two wils in one consenting,
each contenting,
One brest in two divided, yet not parted,
A double body, and yet single hearted,
Two bodies making one through self election,
Two minds, yet having both but one affection.

498. *To his Mistris.*

I cannot pray you in a studied stile,
Nor speak words distant from my heart a mile,
I cannot visit Hide-parke every day,
And with a hackney court my time away,
I cannot spanniolize it week by week,
Or wait a moneth to kisse your hand or cheek,
If when your lov'd you cannot love againe,
Why do but say so, I am out of paine.

499. Titus *the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three yeer in the Town hath been,
Yet not the Lion, nor the Fox hath seen,

I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile,
He hath been in the Counter all this while.

500. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to heare himſelfe diſcourſe,
Talks to himſelfe as if he frantick were,
And though himſelf might no where heare a worſe,
Yet he no other but himſelfe will heare,
Stop not his mouth if he be troubleſome,
But ſtop his eares, and then the man is dumbe.

501. *To Criticus.*

Criticus, about to kiſſe a maiden throng,
He hapned firſt on one whoſe noſe was long:
He flowting, ſaid, I faine would kiſſe you ſweet,
But that I feare our lips will never meet:
Your noſe ſtands out ſo far; the mayden dy'd
her cheekes with crimſon, but ſoone thus reply'd,
Pray ſir, then kiſſe me in that place where I
To hinder you have neither noſe nor eye.

502. *To Sextus.*

Sextus thy wife is faire, thats not amiſſe,
But ſhe's a ſcold, tell me how doſt thou this.

503. *Profunda Scientia.*

Sal can by Science deep profundity,
Force you cry fough: *Jeronimo* go by.

504. *Vt parta perdita.*

Marcellus proves a man of double meanes,
First rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

505. *Vestitus peritus.*

Clius goes oft times clad in suits of scarlet,
That else no colour had to play the varlet.

506. *Vt pluma persona.*

Why weares *Laurentius* such a lofty feather,
Because he's proud, and foolish both together.

507. *Domina prædominans.*

May *Rodolphus* boast of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him and weare the breeches.

508. *Inſtabilis ſtans.*

Mat being drunken much, his anger weakes
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeakes.

509. *Citò benè.*

Sir *John* at Mattins prayes he might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowle a match.

510. *Edens vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckoning truely ere he goes.

511. *Vxor Fortior.*

Will by the warre would ſeeme a domineerer,
But *Anne* his wife hath beene the Ancient-beare.

512. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with *proviſo* will you teſtifie,
Has made his Will, but hath no will to die.

513. *Caſ*

513. *Caſe is altered.*

Tom Caſe (ſome do report) was lately haltered,
If this be true, why then the caſe is altered.

514.

There was a man that loſt his purſe,
And that was a ſhrewd diſaſter:
But was it ever knowne before,
That a purſe ſhould loſe his Maſter?

515. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta eſt Ancilla ſodali.*

Madam *Rugoſa* knowes not where to finde
One Chamber-maid of ten to pleaſe her minde,
But yet my Lord ſo likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

516. *Fœlix donec——*

While *Turnus* feaſted, not a gueſt durſt faile him,
But being areſted, not a gueſt durſt baile him.

517. *Sublata causa, &c.*

Why ſtudies *Silveſter* no more the Lawes?
'Tis thought Duck-lane hath taken away the cauſe.

518. *Plagis mitior.*

Katherin that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating, ſoone became a gentle woman.

519. *Priſcus.*

When *Priſcus* raiſe from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreet in pompous jollity;
Cajus his poore familiar friend of late,
Beſpake him thus, ſir, now you know me not,
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priſcus* to be ſo,
For at this time my ſelfe I do not know.

520. *In Gallum.*

Gallus hath beene this ſummer in Freezeland,
And now return'd, he ſpeaks ſuch war-like words
As if I could their Engliſh underſtand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like ſwords.

He talkes of Counter-ſcarpes and Caſamates,
Of Parapets, Curteynes, and Palizadoes,
Of Flankers, Raveling, Gabions he prates,
And of falſe brags, and Salleys, and Scabadoes:
But to requite ſuch gulling termes as theſe,
With words of my profeſſion I reply,
I tell of Sourching, Vouchers, Counter-pleas,
Of *Withernams* Eſſoynes, and Champertine,
So neither of us underſtanding the other,
We part as wiſely as we came together.

521. *Anger ſoone appeaſed.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being falſe, and faithleſſe in her love,
His wife to ſmooth thoſe wrinckles on his brow,
Doth ſtop his mouth, with *John* come kiſſe me now

522. *A foole for company.*

Fatuus will drinke with no ſuch Aſſe,
That lets his jeſts (unapprehended) paſſe:
Or if he jeſt with ſuch of ſhallow braine,
He laughs himſelfe to make his jeſts more plaine.

Thus *Fatuus* doth jeſt and play the ſany,
To laugh at's ſelfe, hee's foole if there be any.

523. *In Cineam.*

When *Cineas* comes amongſt his friends in mour-
He ſlily notes, who firſt his cap doth move, (ning,
Him he ſalutes, the reſt ſo grimly ſcorning,
As if for ever he had loſt his love;
I knowing how the humour it doth fit,
Of the fond Gull to be ſaluted firſt,
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, ſeemes with ſpight to burſt.
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you; I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality:
For Vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can,
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tel me,
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you do excell me.

524. *On Captaine Sharke.*

One ask'd a friend where Captaine *Sharke* did lie
Why ſir (quoth he) at Algate at the Pye,

Away

Away, quoth tother, he lies not there I know't
No, sayes the other, then he lies in's throat.

525. *A witty answer.*

A leane, yet fat Recusant being confin'd
Unto a Justice house, whose wife was great,
(Not great with child) but hugely great with meat)
At supper thus began to groape his minde,
To *hoc est corpus* what say? she sed,
Mary (quoth he) I say, it is well sed.

526. *Gossips discourse.*

When Gillian and her Gossips all are met,
And in the match of Gossiping downe set;
And plain Masse-Parson cutting bread for th'table
To tell how fast they talke, my tongue's not able.
One tels strange newes, tother Godsworbet cries,
The third shakes head, alack replies,
She on her Hennes, this on her Ducks do talke,
On thousand things at once their tongues shal walk
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gils Gossipps, will have words to say.

527. *A Parſon and a Theife.*

A luſty Parſon riding on the way,
Was by a Theife commanded for to ſtay,
The Parſon drew his ſword, for well he durſt,
And quickly put his foe unto the worſt.
Sir (quoth the Theife) I by your habit ſee,
You are a Church-man, and debate ſhould flee.
You know 'tis written in the ſacred word,
Jeſus to *Peter* ſaid, put up thy ſword.
True (quoth the Parſon) but with all then hean,
Saint *Peter* firſt had cut of *Malcus* eare.

528. *A Souldiers jeſt.*

One told a Souldier ſitting at the boord,
(And ſilent) that he had an edgeleſſe ſword;
Who ſtrait reply'd, ſir, I will do my beſt,
To breake your patet, though I nere break a jeſt.

529.

One to a Serving-man this counſell ſent,
To get a Maſter that's intelligent;

Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would understand he's in his debt.

530. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven be call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My Purse wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

531. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the house awake, thus answer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a stir you there do keep,—
Go, come againe, we are not yet a sleep.

532. *A Farrier Physitian.*

A neate Physitian for a Farrier sends,
To dresse his Horses, promising him amends:
No (quoth the Farrier) amends is made,
For nothing do we take of our owne trade.

533.

He that loves Glasse without a G.
Leave out L and what is he?

534. *A Gentleman and his Physitians.*

A Gentleman not richeſt in diſcretion,
Was alwayes ſending for his owne Phyſitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know
What was the cauſe his pulſe did go ſo ſlow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to paſſe,
Muſt needs go ſlow, which goes upon an Aſſe.

535. *On Saint George.*

To ſave a maid Saint *George* a Dragon ſlue,
Which was a noble act, if all be true;
Some ſay there are no Dragons; and 'tis ſaid
There's no Saint *George*; pray God there be a maid.

536. *Similis cum ſimili.*

Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*:
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how far'ſt thou *Tom*?
Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? Is *Tom* (quoth *Tom* you *Tom*,
Well God a mercy *Tom*; how doe you *Tom*?
Faith near ſo well (quoth *Tom*) ſince *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting paſt twixt *Tom* and *Tom*.

537. *Dulce quod utile.*

An honeſt Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to ſpend the day,
Did ſing unto himſelfe ſome certaine Pſalmes:
A blind man hearing him, ſtrait beg'd his almes;
To whom (quoth he) with coyne I cannot part,
But God thee bleſſe, good man with hall my heart.
Oh ſaid the blind man greater is my loſſe,
When ſuch as you doe bleſſe without a croſſe.

538. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with ſome good colour and pretence,
Tearmes his wifes beauty, ſilent eloquence,
For ſhe doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tully* us'd his ſpeech to grace.

539. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking heare,
For a right roaring Gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talkes, and ſtill doth ſweare.

540. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* tother night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devill his right)
Though ſcant of meat we could a morſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You aske what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmall
This, is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

540. *Verboſitus*

Verboſitus at words from Latine carv'd,
Du's ſnatch, as if his wits were hunger-ſtarv'd:
And well he du's; for ſure ſo leane 'tis growne,
That from Anatomy 'tis hardly knowne:
It is ſo weake, as (truely) I proteſt,
Fine phraſe rhetoricall 'twill not digeſt.
Hark wouldſt be wiſe? by good words ill apply'd
The Aſſe to be a fooble by's own tongue's try'd;
Then if th'art wiſe, thy tongne hath the bely'd.

541. *Fatum Supremum.*

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding ſheets for our laſt knell,

All

All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious muſique, but our paſſing bell;
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but deaths livery.

542. *To a Lawyer.*

To go to Law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuite be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuites to my back,
Ere I my ſuite procure.

543. *Semel inſaniuimus.*

Beldam fate bleſſe thee, thou want'ſt nought but wit
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it,
Bridewell, I cannot any way diſpraiſe thee
For thou doſt feed the poore and jerke the lazie.
New-gate, of thee I cannot much complaine;
For once a moneth, thou freeſt men out of paine,
But from the Counters gracious Lord defend us:
To Bedlam, Bridewell, or to Newgate ſend us,
For there in time, wit, work, or law gets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

544. *Vpon Annas marriage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an angell, what if ſo ſhe be?
What is an angell? but a Lawyers fee.

545. *In Cupidinem.*

Who grafts in blindneſſe may miſtake his ſtock,
Love hath no tree, but that whoſe bark is ſmock.

546. *Ænigma.*

The Devill men ſay in Devonſhire dy'd of late;
But Devonſhire lately liv'd in rich eſtate,
Till *Rich* his toyes did Devonſhire ſo bewitch,
As Devonſhire dy'd and left the Devill Rich.

547. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of ſight;
Can he whoſe ſeat in the eye, want light?

548. *An anſwer.*

Experience ſhew, and reaſon doth decree
That he who ſits in's owne light cannot ſee.

549. *Lucus*

549. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath traveld with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd, and left well beaten; and faſt bound:
But when to ſhare their prize, they had begun,
No Miracle was wrought, yet he undone.

550. *On a Picture.*

This face here pictur'd time ſhall longer have,
Then life the ſubſtance of it, or the grave,
Yet as I change from this by death I know,
I ſhall like death, the liker death I grow.

551. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poore men wit,
That fooles well monifide may pay for it.

552. *On the City Venice.*

When in the Adriatick Neptune ſaw
How Venice ſtood, and gave the ſeas their law,
Boaſt thy Tarpeian towers, now *Jove* ſaid he,
And *Mars* thy wals, if Tiber 'fore the ſea

Thou

Thou doſt prefer, view both the Cities ods,
Thou'lt ſay that men built Rome, Venice, the gods.

553. *To a Lady that every morning uſed to paint her face.*

Preſerve what nature gave you, nought's more baſe,
Then Belgian colour on a Roman face,
Much good time's loſt, you reſt your faces debtor,
And make it worſe, ſtriving to make it better.

554. *On a Cuckold.*

My friend did tax me ſeriouſly one morne,
That I would weare, yet could not winde a horne,
And I reply'd he perfect truth ſhould finde it,
Many did weare the horne that could not wind it,
Howe're of all, that man may weare it beſt,
Who makes claime to it as his ancient creſt.

555. *On Taurus.*

Iſt true that *Taurus* late hath loſt his wit?
How can that be, when never he had it?
I could beleeve it, had he fought a fray,
And ſo perhaps his fingers cut away.

556. *Vpon*

556. Upon Marriage.

Marriage, as old men note, hath likened bin
Unto a publique feast or common route,
Where those that are without would faine get in,
And those that are within would faine get out.

557. On Annas newes-monger.

Annas hath long eares for all newes to passe:
His eares must needs be long, for he's an Asse.

558. Sir John.

Nor good *Sir John* (the begger cryes) I pray
Bestow your Worship's almes on mee to day.
Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,
We borne are, one to helpe, and aid another:
My brother (quoth *Sir John*) poore wretched wight,
Why thou mistakest mee, I am a Knight.
I know't, quoth he, but harke you kind *Sir John*,
There's many a Knight kin to the beggar men.

559. Conjectus.

Conjectus saies he'le plainly prove
Anothers child he ought to love,
More than his parents; which is strange,
And yet 'tis true; for I protest,
He ought to love his wife the best.

560. To Aulus.

Some (speaking in their owne renowne)
Say that this booke, was not exactly done;
I care not much, like banquets, let my bookes,
Rather be pleasing to the Guests than Cookes.

561. On Man.

What shall I like man to, man so proud,
And yet so miserable? to a cloud,
A vapour vild, and of an abject birth,
Extracted from the humble wombe of earth;
Yet proud, and still aspiring, scares upright,
Till heaven it selfe lookes angry at the sight.
Now 'tis dispersed by the scorching sunne,
Now frozen up in some cold Region.

Here, and then there, it can no reſting find,
But lightly fleetes before each gale of wind:
Each tempeſt hurries it about, each ſtormes
Mangles, and rends it into a thouſand formes:
Till at length toſt by night, conſum'd by day,
It melts in teares and vaniſhes away.

562. *On Envie.*

Why ſay ſome wealth brings envy, ſince 'tis known
Poore men have back-biters fifteene for one.

563. *To Coracine.*

If ſo be, *Coracine*, thou had'ſt diſburſt
But twenty Nobles when I ask't them firſt,
Th'adſt done a timely courteſie, and then
I ſhould have ow'd thee twenty more for em.
But ſince thou did'ſt it with ſuch ſtrange delay,
After ſome ten long months, or twelve months ſtay:
Shall I tell truth? why by you Starres that ſhine,
Th'aſt loſt thy twenty Nobles, *Coracine*.

564. On Pru.

Pru, give me leave to laugh, why should'st thou buy
Ceruse and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*;
And sleeking oyles, the best that may be got,
When thy whole face *Pru* is not worth a groat?

565. To Momus.

Leave for shame, *Momus*, leave to barke and cry,
My actions give thy slaundrous tongue the lye.

567. On Tasso.

Tasso writes verses, and imagines them
Farre longer-liv'd than old *Methusalem*:
When I say nay, he straight sweares in his rage,
Th'are stronger than the iron teeth of age.
Trust thy friends, *Tasso*, when they tell right;
Why should'st thou think to live in a short night?
Neither the spite of fury, fire, nor flames,
But one poore Rat devour'd ten Epigrams.

568. To Roba.

Th'art faire, 'tis true; and pretty too, I know it;
And well bred (*Roba*) for thy manners ſhow it;
But whil'ſt thou mak'ſt ſelfe-praiſe, thy only care,
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor faire.

569. On Siella.

As the pale Moon, and Stars ſhin'd clearly bright,
My faireſt faire ſtood gazing on the ſkyes:
O that I had beene heaven then, that I might
Have view'd my *Siella* with ſo many eyes.

570. On Gallo.

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty haire,
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need weare;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants uſe,
In court his Miſtreſſe with a ſpraighly Muſe:
Gallo's a dunce, for I ſupply his wit,
Which he makes nonſence by his reading it;
And tis no wonder, as all wiſemen know,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

571. *On Women.*

Find mee an end out in a ring,
Turne a ſtreame backward to it's ſpring,
Recover minutes paſt and gone,
Undoe what is already done,
Make Heaven ſtand ſtill, make Mountaines flye,
And teach a woman conſtancie.

572. *Who beſt friend.*

A louſe I ſay: for when a man's diſtreſt,
And others fall off, ſhe ſtickes ſureſt.

573.

A lecherous gallants blood, a Jeſuites
Deviſefull braine, the teares of Hypocrites,
Salted with jeaſts, and ſcurrill wantonneſſe,
Saint *Kitts* Tobacco, chopt for herbes all theſe,
Sod with the fop'ries of Arminian,
Ith' ſcull of a profound Magitian,
And peppar'd well with every ſeed of evill,
Would make a meſſe of pottage for the Devill.

574. On Pru.

Pru his nose hangs downe so low, one would suppose
When e're she gapes, that *Pru* would eate her nose.

575. On Carpe.

Of all our Moderne Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon mee honest *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to please thee.

576. To fortune.

Thou art a froward Jade, and being such,
I cannot scold or raile at thee too much,:
Doting on fooles, thou hid'st thee from the wise,
Thou prostitut'st thy selfe to avarice.
Thou runn'st a whoring with the world, and sinne;
Thou cramm'st bold buzzards & lett'st eagles pine;
Thou bowl'st thy golden pieces, where I can
Not get a mite: by the Justitian.
Mantles his students all in robes of state,
And by the gallon makes his fortunate:

Yet I live poore, and while base Ideots ride,
Marullo footes in *Cuerpo* by their side.
Untoward trull, could but this hand attatch thee,
Could all my skill, and best endeavours reach thee:
On thy owne wheele (proud Dame) I'de make thee
Tissues, and Tyrian silkes to cloth mee in: (spin
I'de make thee (blindfold as thou art) find out
All that is rare, and good, the world about,
To make mee happy; and for the least frowne,
I'de braine thee with the ball thou stand'st upon.

577. On Terpin.

Terpin sips wine, and gluts downe meate: I thinke
My *Terpin* drinkes his meate, and eates his drinke.

578. To Phaulo.

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou dost amisse,
Thou hast no more excuse for it, but this,
It was against thy will; why be it so,
Against thy will thou shalt be punish't too.

579. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Alderman,
And truſt mee now moſt Elder-like he can
Behave himſelfe: hee here appeares in towne,
But in his beaver, and his great furr'd gowne:
His Ruffe is ſet, his head ſet in his Ruffe;
His reverend trunkes become him well enough;
He weare a hoope ring on his Thumbe; he has
Of Gravidud a doſe full in his face;
And trick't and trim'd, thus bravely he ſuppoſes
Himſelfe another man; but men have noſes,
And they that have ſo, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robs may ſmel the Chandler ſtill.

580. *On the ſame.*

Spurco made Candles once, tis true enough,
Yet when I told him ſo, he took't in ſnuffe.

581. *To Damon.*

What cauſe, what confidence drawes thee to town?
London can yeeld thee nothing, get the downe;

Tho

Thou canſt not turne rogue for thy private ends,
Thou can'ſt not play the baud to pleaſe thy friend;
Thou hat'ſt to ſell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch) I am
A truſty friend; thou ſay'ſt, an honeſt man.
That's nothing, *Damon*, ſet thy wits to ſchoole,
Not to be knave here, is to be a foole.

582. *Comparatio.*

Taſſo, Torquato, Trew-wit, Manlius,
Brave merry Greekes all, and ingenuous:
Let us be mad a while: come here thou ſquire
Of Pints, and Pottles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring ſome ſacke up, quick you canniball,
Some cleanly ſack, to waſh our braines withall:
There is, I'me ſure, no other Theſpian ſpring,
No other Helecon to bathe us in.
Troule then your ſacke about boyes, never faile,
Commending dull men to their ſtands of Ale.
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate ſuch puddle-coxcombes worſe than death
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our uſe is,
With luſtie wines will ſacrifice to th' Muſes.

583. *On Terpin.*

Liſten who liſt, my *Terpins* noſe I ſing,
And much I labour to expreſſe the thing:
For when he ſnorts, it is his trumpet ſhrill,
It is his conduit, for 'tis running ſtill;
It is his dragge, his ecle-ſpeare in the brooke;
His ſpade, his mattocke, and his pruning hooke;
'Tis a convenient ſtaple for a wall,
A handſome wedge to cleave his wood withall:
'Twill make a good ſhip-anchor, when he lackes,
It is his gimlet, and his twibill axe.
Regard not then, what man thy noſe abuſes;
Thy noſe is proper *Terpin* for moſt uſes.

584. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends? (quoth *Ned*) I dare to ſay,
I have not ſupt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for the king *Ned*,
At home (poore man) goes ſupperleſſe to bed.

585. *On Coricia.*

Coricia, when all her Table's ſet
With Manſhet, Sauces, and good wholſome meat,
She ſtill gives browne bread to her ſon and heire,
And tells the little boy, 'twill make him faire.
If ſo (my love) if it be true you ſay,
You never ate browne bread *Coricia.*

586. *To Momus.*

Thou that doſt wreſt thy wrinkled face awry,
And canſt not read theſe trifles willingly;
May'ſt thou for ever envy other men,
But none have cauſe, to envie thee agen.

587. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new playes great ſtore, and yet
'Tis plaine, *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He ſtrive too, to be pleaſant, and brings in
Mimicks, and fooles, to make the people grin,
I know not what the reſt thinke, but I ſay,
Drammato's the beſt foole in every play.

588. *On the ſame.*

Of all *Drammato's* playes that e're I ſee,
Nothing could ever make mee laugh but hee.

589. *On Phaulo.*

Phaulo weares brave clothes, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo eates wholſome meate, and yet he's pale.
Phaulo takes phyſicke, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo hath good attendance, yet he's pale.
Phaulo's a glutton, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo drinks deepe, and whores, and yet he's pale.

590. *On Galba.*

Galba ſhe ſaies, ſhe never taſted Man:
Galba will lye, beleeve it now and than.

591. *To the Reader*

Such Tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge mee with wrong.

I injure not the leaſt, I give no blow
To any perſon; he that knowes not how
To ſcourge mans vice, unleſſe he taxe his name,
Makes a baſe Libell of an Epigram.

592. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walkes imperiouſly,
With tragicke *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping lockes, his buffe becomes him well,
And to ſay ſooth, he lookes right terrible,
He ſwayes the Towne before him, and will ſlay
What ever man he be, that dares gain-ſay:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coate laſt night,
And *Formidando's* out of money quite;
Nor oathes will paſſe, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poore penny, or a penny-worth:
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape, and how
To quit himſelfe he ſcarcely knowes; that now
Stout *Formidando*, who was wont to dant
Whole thouſands, trembles at a Purſivant.

593. On Carp and Manilla.

Manilla would with *Carpe* be married,
Manilla's wiſe I trow;
But *Carpe* by no meanes will *Manilla* wed;
Carpe's th'wiſer of the two.

594. On Carpe.

Theſe are the verſes which *Carpe* reads; 'tis known;
But when *Carpe* makes them nonſence, th'are his (owne.

595. To Suſa.

Why do I ſcorne to kiſſe thee? thy noſe runnes,
Thy teeth are blacke and rotten in thy gummes:
Why do I ſcorne to kiſſe thee? thy breath ſtinks
Farre worſe than twenty fiſh-ſtalls, or town ſinkes:
Why do I ſcorne to kiſſe thee? thou art all
Surfeited, naſtie, ill-complexion'd, pale,
Who ſcornes not (*Suſa*) to kiſſe thee will ſcarce
Scorne to kiſſe (I thinke) a ſick hang-mans arſe.

596. To Phaulos.

Thou art offended (*Phaulos*) as I heare,
Because I sometimes call thee whoremaster;
My nature's blunt, and so will ever be;
I call a spade a spade, pray pardon mee.

597. To Coracine.

What *Crispulus* is that in a new gowne,
All trimb'd with loopes, and buttons up & down
That leanes there on his arme in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Crispulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou say'st, and does
Some businesse of my wives: thou brainlesse goose!
He does no businesse of thy wives, not hee:
He does thy businesse (*Coracine*) for thee.

598. On Pru.

Pru praises her complexion, nay sweares
She dares compare with any of her yeares,
And very true it is, that Prudence saies,
I saw not better sold these many dayes.

599. *To* Maronilla.

My *Maronilla*, I could easily spare (haire
Thy hands, and armes, thy shoulders, and traught
I could well spare thy feet, thy legs, and thighes,
Thy tongue, and teeth, thy lips, cheekes, fore-head,
And, not to reckon each part severall, (eyes:
My *Maronilla* I could spare thee all.

600. *On Quacksalve.*

This man is brother to the wormes, and can
Not live, but by corruption of man:
Deaths harbinger, that for bare one he saves,
Sends hundreds young, and old to people graves.
Yet still he lives in repute; he hath pelfe,
And each good deed he does, proclames it selfe,
But every bad one (as perforce it must)
With the dead corse lyes buried in the dust.
Diseases are his health, and Quacksalve thrives
By purchasing ill fame, and selling lives.
'Tis well he knowes me not: for I must think,
If I come in his hands, hee'l make me stink.

601. *On Saint* Bernard.

Saint *Bernards* painted halfe, and ever ſhall:
For not a man a live can paint him all.

602. *To* Lionell

Lionell ſhowes his honourable ſcarres,
And labours to invite me to the warres:
But I will not, by no meanes *Lionel*;
I do no love to live ill, and drinke well.

603. *On Captaine Drad-nought, and Lieutenant Slaughter.*

Slaughter he ſweds, and proudly gives the lye,
Which *Drad-nought* vowes to make him juſtifie.
Slaughter will kill, or elſe be kill'd ith' place:
Lieutenant curſes, Captaine ſweares apace.
Lieutenant *Slaughter* belches out diſdaine,
And Captaine *Drad-nought* breathes all fire againe.
The reſt, good Gentlemen, ſtand trembling there,
Ready to quit the Taverne all, for feare:
There' snot a man, but ſues, and wooes, and ſends
For what the houſe can yeeld, to make 'em friends.

Anchoviſe,

Anchoviſe, Wine, dry'd Tongues, are brought in (haſt,
Which fight perſwades their ſtubborne ſoules at (laſt.
Anger abates, the ſtorme is over-blowne,
And in rich Sack they drinke the quarrell downe.

604. *On Pumilio, a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in deſpaire,
Of further life, ſaid, take no care,
To make a Tomb for me (good folkes,)
I will be buried in a Box.

605. *On Drad-nought.*

Drad-nought 'was for his many riots, laid
In Counter lately: now hee's wondrous ſtaid.

606. *On* Phaulos *and* Gellia.

Phaulos he viſits, *Gellia* ſhe's ſick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

607. *On* Pru *and* Galla.

Why are *Prus* teeth ſo white, and *Galla's* black?
the reaſon is ſoone knowne:
Pru buyes new teeth as often as ſhe lacks,
but *Galla* weares her owne.

608. *On* Bombo.

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a yeere)
Nothing but wit ſounds wiſely in his eare.
His fuſtion phraſes make a noiſe; each ſtraine,
And ſwelling rapture fils his mouth againe:
Hee's parcell-ſtates-man, parcell-Prieſt, and ſo,
If you obſerve, hee's parcell-Poet too.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy fangles may
Become a Stage perhaps, but us'd this way,
Th'are baſe, and impious: let me prevaile,
Talke till thy ſtrong lines choke thee, if they faile,
Commence at Tyburne in a cart, ſweet Poet,
And there a ſtrong line, will for certaine do it.

609.

Why do the Clouds ſhowr rain ſo faſt down? why
Bluſters the North-winde ſo impetuouſly?

This is the reaſon, as Divines give out,
Heaven ſighs, and weeps for us, ſince we cannot.

610. *On* Pœto.

Implore the Muſes, and their two-topt hill,
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aide, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learnd, Manes, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Pœto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeeme ſo like what I am not, a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove.

611. *On the ſame.*

My *Pœto* thinkes he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: God knowes he's but a Gooſe.

612. *On Poets.*

Why do I climb Parnaſſus, ſince my hope
Can but expect cold water at the top?
Why do I like a Taper in the night,
Conſume my ſelfe ſtill, to give others light?

If fortunes Minions I should celebrate,
All my reward were, to be flouted at.
Wit, as a thing above them, they cry downe,
Rather they'll saginate a beefe braind clowne.
To laugh at 'em, or like fond easie Snites,
Be flatter'd out of all by Parasites.
Cock-pits and revels share their store; Cards may
Shuffle away whole Lordships in a day:
But to a Poet charity's so cold,
They'le not afford the rust wip'd from their gold.
He that can frame a Morall glasse, whereby
To dresse them in the trim of honesty;
He that can stick them in the starry skie,
And mate their glories with eternity,
Must live a Recluse to all happinesse,
His vertues check't, and clouded in distresse.
Avaunt then Muses nine, avaunt quick from me,
Now whilst my blooming yeers are growing on me
Phœbus his barren Laurell Ile refuse,
And the fat Olive with *Minerva* chuse.

613. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me bestow
Some New-yeeres gift, as other neighbours doe.

Why I will ſend thee what thou want'ſt, my friend
Nothing thou want'ſt, and nothing I will ſend.

614. *To* Phocion.

Thou buy'ſt up all that thou canſt light upon,
This is the way to ſell all *Phocion*.

615. *To* Lividus.

Doe not raile baſely, doe not ſwell with ſpight,
Doe not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:
For ridden, truſt me I can hardly pace,
Nor beare thee gently like a patient Aſſe;
But trot amaine, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick.
Flinging full faſt till I have throwne thee off,
Till I have ſhooke thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;
And then in triumph (*Lividus*) look too't,
I ſpurne thy pride, and follies under foote.

616. *On his verſes.*

Hee's blinde with love, that likes them every one:
And he is blinde with envie, that likes none.

617. To Bombo.

Moſt men condemne thee *Bombo*, when they heare
Thy high and mighty Sermons; but I ſweare
Thou preacheſt movingly, and well I may:
Thou preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

618. On Plutus

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a foole, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after triall made,
Perceiving him an underſtanding man,
Plutus would have his money back againe.

619. To Taſſo.

Well *Taſſo* ſhalt thou dine with me,
If thou wilt bring good meat with thee,
And luſty wine, and pleaſant wit,
And leſts, and mirth to ſeaſon it.
Well ſhalt thou dine with me to day,
If thou wilt bring but what I ſay:
For thy Maruloes purſe, heavens know,
Lies full of duſt, and Spiders now.

But I will have my Doxy here,
And True-wit too, and Chanteclere
Shall runne diviſion on his Lute,
And make his voice together ſute
In tunes of love, with other things,
As he can well: who when he ſings,
Thou'lt wiſh (although thine owne be long)
An Aſſes eares to heare his ſong.

620. *On* Pœto.

Pœto came by me like a man poſſeſt,
Lugging his locks, and beating on his breſt.
And O! he cryed, is any man like me?
I've buried my rich wife, yet lives yonder.
My *Pœto* is right valiant; his wife gives
Two thouſand pounds, and leaves him: yet he lives.

621. *To* Phaulos.

Thou ask'ſt me whom I think beſt man to be,
He's the beſt (*Phaulos*) that is leaſt like thee.

622. *On* Torquato.

Torquato now drinks nothing but ſmall beere,
Sack (he ſayes) kils us: why what need we feare?

The

The Scots will cut our throats, if we dy not,
We shall but put a trick upon a Scot.

623. *On* Grotto.

Talke but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And sweat, and sweare; and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coile you keepe?
Thy windowes they are shut, 'tis time to sleepe.

624. *To* Gripe.

Gripe keeps his coyne well, and his heaps are great,
For which he seemes wise in his owne conceit;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can see,
Thy bagges, in this sence, are as wise as thee.

625. *On Physitions.*

Physitions are most miserable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truly well, but when
most men are ill beside.

626. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his Patient *Omphida*,
The griefe she felt, was a Scitaica:
Which she not perfect how to nominate,
Mistaking cryes, oh my certificate.

627. *To* Tom Coriat.

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.
Tom Thumb is dumb, untill the Pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Foole may go to schoole, but nere be taught
Speake Greeke, with which our *Tom* his tongue is fraught.
Tom Asse may passe, but for all his long eares,
No such rich jewels as our *Tom* he weares.
Tom Tell-troth is but froth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom*, beares away the Bell.

628. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse taske,
Whereto I trust there's no exception tan'e,

For

For meant to none, I anſwer ſuch as aske,
'Tis like apparell made in birchen lane;
If any pleaſe to ſuit themſelves and weare it,
The blames not mine, but theirs that needs will bear it.

629. *Ad ſeſquipedales poetaſtros.*

Hence *Brauron's* God to *Taurominion*,
And you Levaltoring Corybants be gone;
Fly thundring Eronſterops to Hippocrene,
And *Mauros* to nimph nurſing *Mytelene*;
Griſly *Megira's* necromantique ſpell
Depart to black nights *Acherontick* cell:
A vaunt transformed *Epidarian*,
Unto th' Antipod Iſles of Tabraban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, ſnake charming rod
And all the reſt not daring looke upon
Vranus' blood-borne brood, and fell *Typhon*
Chimera's victor great *Bellepheron*
Thou vanquiſher of Spaniſh *Geryon*,
Stout *Aſdrubal* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroyd'ſt the Calidonian bore;
Couragious conqueror of Cretes Minotaure,
Thou pride of *Mermenos'* cloudy Semitaure.

Perſeus

Perſeus whoſe marble ſtone transforming ſhield;
Enforc'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
You *Argonantes* that ſcour'd *Syndromades*,
And paſs't the quick ſands of Semplegades,
Helpe *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos, *Leuina* at *Litigiums* birth,
The world with child looks for delivery
Of Canibals or Poetophagie;
A devilliſh brood, from Ericthonius,
From Iphidemia, Nox, and Erebus,
Chide *Pegaſus*, for op'ning Helicon,
And Poets damn to Pery-Phelgeton,
Or make this monſtrous birth abortive be:
Or elſe I will ſhake hands with Poetrie.

Nihil

——Nihil hic nisi Carmina desunt.

EPITAPHS

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a lyer.*

GOod passenger! here lyes one here,
That living did lie every where.

2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd, to th' world did dye.

3. *On a Iuggler.*

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twaine
Thy thread, why did'st not make it whole againe.

4. *On*

4. On a Childe.

A child and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrumme.

5. On Maſter Do.

Do is my name, and here I lye,
My Grammar tels me, *Do ſit Dī.*

6. On Taylour *a Sergeant, kill'd by a Horſe.*

A Taylour is a thiefe, a Sergeant is worſe,
Who here lyes dead, god-a-mercy Horſe.

7. On M. Thomas Beſt.

With happie ſtars he ſure is bleſt,
Where's ere he goes, that ſtill is *Beſt.*

8. On Robin.

Round *Robin's* gone, and this grave doth incloſe
The pudding of his doublet and his hoſe.

9. On

9. On proud Tyger.

Proud and foolish, so it came to passe,
He liv'd a Tyger, and he dy'd an Asse.

10. On John Cofferer.

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his rest,
Now he hath bhang'd a Coffer for a Chest.

11. *On blind and deafe Dick Freeman.*

Here lyes *Dick Freeman*,
That could not heare nor see man.

12. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as briefe,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Theefe.

13. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble stone,
Who when she liv'd lay under more than one.

14. *On a Wrestler.*

Death to the Wrestler gave a fine fall,
That tript up his heeles, and tooke no hold at all.

15. *On John Death.*

Here's Death interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all should live, now Death is dead.

16. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a play,
I came to see't, dislik't it, went my way.

17. *On a Lady dying quickly after her husband.*

He first deceased, she a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd not, and dy'd.

18. *On M. Stone.*

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in mee,
For here a stone upon a stone you see.

19. *On Mr Strange.*

Here lyes one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turke nor Jew,
It's Strange, but not ſo ſtrange as it is true.

20. *A fart's Epitaph.*

Reader it was borne, and cry'd,
Crack't ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

21. *On Mr Anguiſh a Scholler.*

Some do for anguiſh weepe, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould die.

22. *On Mr Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd, when they are onely nam'd.

23. *On a Printer whoſe Wife was lame.*

Sleepe *William*, ſleepe, ſhe that thine eyes did cloſe,
Make lame Iambiques for thee as ſhee goes.

24. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo
That every good thing to an end muſt goe.

25. *On a pious benefactor.*

The Poore, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Almes, his Praiſe, his Soule, and Body have.

26. *On a Poet in priſon.*

Though I in priſon here do ly,
My Muſe ſhall live although I dye.

27. *On a poore Poet.*

Here lies the Poet, buried in the night,
Whoſe purſe, men know it, was exceeding light.

28. *A man and his wife.*

Viator ſiſte, ecce miraculum,
Vir & uxor hic not litigant.

29. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defessus sum ambulando.

30. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by these presents testifie
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lie.

31. *On one that cheated his father.*

Here lyes a man, who in span
Of life, beyond his father ran,

32. *On a Cut-purse.*

Death hath that Cut-purse seiz'd on, at Alhallows,
Who by good hap hath so escap't the gallowes.

33. *On an Vsurer.*

That all those goods and riches scrap't together,
Should with himselfe depart & knows not whither.

34. *On a Captaine.*

Who late in warres did dread no foes in field,
Now free of ſcarres, his life in peace doth yeeld.

35. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefeſt truſt repos'd
Is now in clay inſteed of duſt repos'd.

36. *On a Marchant.*

Who from accompts & reckning's neere could reſt,
At length hath ſumm'd up his *quietus eſt.*

37. *On a young man newly married died.*

The World and thou art quickly gone about,
That but now entring in, art entred out.

38. *On Iohn Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Iack Friend*
Was no mans foe but's owne, and there's an end.

39. On Christopher Fowler.

Let all say what they can, 'tis knowne *Kit Fowler*,
Was held an honest man, though no good bowler.

40. On Dorothy Rich.

Here resteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the scab.

41. On Ralph.

Ralph bids adue to pleasures, good or ill,
But tells you true, 'tis much against his will.

42. On Walter Moone.

Here lies *Wat Moone*, that great Tobacconist,
Who dy'd too soone for lacke of had I wist.

43. On Joh. Cooling a Player.

Death hath too soone remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,
That was so well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

44. On a Welshman.

Who living least, espy'd his life should leese,
By meere methegglin dy'd, and tosted cheese.

45. On Io: Long.

Here sleepes *I. Long*, who liv'd till New-yeares-tide,
Full fourescore strong, but then fell sicke and dy'd.

46. On Stephen Spooner.

Death hath time borrowed of our neighbor *Spooner*,
Whose wife much sorrowed that he di'd no sooner.

47. On a Lawyer.

God workes wonders now and than;
Here ly's a Lawyer dy'd an honest man.

48. On a Water-man.

Here sleepes *Will. Slater*, why? by deaths command
Hath left the water to possesse the land.

49. On a Gallant.

Who cloth of Tissue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no issue, more than that in's thigh.

50. On John Garret.

Gone is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking,
For love to claret, kill'd himselfe with drinking.

51. On notable Ned.

'Cause of the dead, nought must be said but good,
'Tis well for *Ned* that nought be understood.

52. On a Tayler who dy'd of the stitch.

Here lies a Tayler in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the stitch.

53. On a travelling Begger.

Here lyes a Vagrant person whom our Lawes,
(Of late growne strict) denied passage, 'cause

He

He wandring thus, therefore returne he muſt,
From whence at firſt he hither came; to duſt.

53. *On a Maſon.*

So long the Maſon wrought on other's walls,
That his owne houſe of clay to ruine falls:
No wonder, ſpitefull death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death ſeekes to deſtroy.

54. *On Schoolemaſter.*

The Grammer Schoole, a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be ſhowne
In no caſe ſave the Ablative alone.

55. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no veine in verſe, but if I could,
Diſtill on every word a Pearle I would.
Our ſorrows pearles drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whil'ſt others Muſe write, mine onely cryes.

56. On Hobſon the Carrier.

Hobſon, (what's out of ſight is out of minde)
Is gone, and left his letters here behind.
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet;
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheete.

57. *Another.*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelfe unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life neere made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

58. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavie loade,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd, ſo lov'd to ride,
That hee was drawing on, whil'ſt that he dy'd.

59. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charles* the Northerne ſwain
Hath ſent for him, to draw his lightſome waine:

60. *On a foot-man.*

This nimble foot-man ran away from death,
And here he rested being out of breath;
Here death him overtooke, made him his slave,
And sent him on an errand to the grave.

61. *Iustus Lipsius.*

Some have high mountaines of Parian stone,
And some in bruffe carve their inscription,
Some have their tombes of costly marbles rear'd;
But in our teares onely are they enterr'd,

62. *On a child.*

Like bird of prey,
Death snatcht away,
This harmlesse dove,
Whose soule so pure
Is now secure
In heaven above.

63. Another.

That fleſh is graſſe
It's grace a flower
Reade e're you paſſe
Whom wormes devoure.

64. On a Lock-ſmith.

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this time's at heaven gate.
The reaſon why he will not knocke,
Is 'cauſe he means to picke the locke.

65. On a Collier.

Here lyes the Collier *Jenkin Daſhes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead hee is no more.

66. On Dick Pinner.

Here lyes *Dick Pinner*, O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?

For living, hee by ſcraping of a pin
Made better duſt, than thou haſt made of him.

67. *On a ſack ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſſe thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sacke lyes here immur'd:
Who havock't all hee could come by
For Sack, and here quite ſack'd doth lye.

68. *On a Child.*

Into this world as ſtranger to an Inne
This child came gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while and found nought worthy of his ſtay,
He onely broke his faſt, and went away.

69. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt ſay,
Here lyes the ſchollers pale-fac'd boy,
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deepe conſumption.

70. On Bolus.

If gentlenesse could tame the fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;
But one that death o're-rules in judgement sits,
And saies our sinnes are stronger than our wits.

71. On a Clowne.

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our Corydon:
Who through care to save his sheepe
Watch't too much, Oh let him sleepe!

72. On a Child.

As carefull nurses on their beds doe lay,
Their babes which would too long the wantons play,
So to prevent my youth's ensuing crimes,
Nature my nurse laid me to bed betimes.

73. On a Musitian.

Be not offended at our sad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint:

Where all perfection met in skill and voyce,
Wee mourne our losse, bur yet commend your choyce.

74. On a Gardener.

Could he forget his death that ev'ry houre
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flowre?
Should he not mind his end? yes sure he must,
That still was conversant 'mong beds of dust.

75. On a drunkard.

Bybax the drunkard, while he liv'd would say,
The more I drinke the more me thinkes I may:
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust.

76. On a child.

Tread softly passenger, for here doth lye
A dainty Jewell of sweet infancie:
A harmelesse babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptisme to be wash't from sinne and dy'd.

77. *Another.*

In this marble casket lyes
A matchlesse jewell of rich prize
Whom nature in the worlds disdaine
But shew'd and put it up againe.

78. *On M. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truſt,
When our names doe change by death,
Sands I was, and now am duſt.

79. *On M. Goad.*

Doe adde this verſe, to *Goad's* herſe,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himſelfe is gone to God,
Twas death's goad drove him thither.

80. *On M. Munday.*

Hallowed be the Sabbeath,
And farewell all worldly pelfe;

The weeke begins on Turſday,
For Munday hath hang'd himſelfe.

81. *On a Matron.*

Here lyes a wife was chaſt, a mother bleſt,
A modeſt Matron, all theſe in one cheſt:
Sarah unto her mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whil'ſt here ſhe had aboad.

82. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor caſta, Parens felix, matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

83. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young in warres I ſhed my blood,
Both for my King and for my countries good:
In elder yeares, my care was chiefe to be,
Souldier to him that ſhed his blood for me.

84. *On a dumbe fellow dying of the collicke.*

Here lyes *John Dumbelow*,
Who dyed becauſe he was ſo;
For if his breech could have ſpoke,
His heart had not broke.

85. *On Iſabella a Curtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make faire *Iſ'bell* laugh,
Muſt get upon her and write well,
Here underneath lyes *Iſabell.*

86. *On a vertuous wife.*

In briefe, to ſpeake thy praiſe let this ſuffice,
Thou wert a wife, moſt loving, modeſt, wiſe;
Of children carefull, to thy neighbours kind,
A worthy Miſtreſſe, and of liberall mind.

87. *On M. Chriſtopher Lawſon.*

Death did not kill unjuſtly this good-man,
But death, in death, by death did ſhew his power,

His pious deeds, and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,
There to prepare his ſoule a bleſſed bower

88. *On a Welſh man.*

Here lyes puried under theſe ſtones,
Shon ap Williams ap Shinkyn ap Shones,
Her was porne in Whales, her was kill'd in France,
Her went to Cott py a fery miſ-ſhance,
La yee now.

89. *On M. Carter, burnt by the great powder-miſchance in Finsbury.*

Here lyes an honeſt *Carter* (yet no clowne)
Unladen of his cares, his end the crowne,
Vaniſh't from hence even in a cloud of ſmoake,
A blowne-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

90. *On a Lady dying in child bed.*

Borne at the firſt to bring another forth,
She leaves the world, to leave the world her worth:
Thus Phœnix-like, as ſhe was borne to bleed,
Dying her ſelfe, renues it in her ſeed.

91. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having ſea'sd this prey,
After a tedious flight truſs'd him away:
We mark'd him, here he fell, whence he ſhall riſe
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

92. *On Ioane Truman who had an iſſue in her legge.*

Here lyes crafty *Joane*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a falſe maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,
And this tricke ſhe had, to make up her cunning,
Whilſt one legge ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

93. *On a youth.*

Now thou haſt Heaven for merit, but 'tis ſtrange
Mortality ſhould envie at thy change:
God thought us unfit, for ſuch as thee,
And made thee conſort of eternity.
We grieve not then, that thou to heaven art taken,
But that thou haſt thy friends ſo ſoone forſaken.

94. *On a child of two yeares old, being borne and dying in Iuly.*

Here is laid a July flowre
With ſurviving teares bedew'd,
Not deſpairing of that houre
When her ſpring ſhall be renu'd;
E're ſhe had her ſummer ſeene,
She was gather'd freſh and greene.

95. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers doore oft made a ſtand,
And alwaies found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very fole weather,
And ript the ſoale from the upper leather:
Death put a tricke upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his (Laſte.

96. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out;
Yet carefull leſt a piece ſo well begun,
Sould want preſervatives when ſhe had done:
E're ſhe could finiſh, what ſhee undertooke,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the booke.

97. On a Scholler.

Forbeare friend t'unclaſpe this booke,
Onely in the fore-front looke,
For in it have errours bin,
Which made th'author call it in:
Yet know this, 'tſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond comming forth.

98. On a young woman.

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice ſix weekes knew a wife, a ſaint, a maid;
Faire maid, chaſt wife, pure ſaint, yet 'tis not ſtrange
She was a woman therefore pleas'd to change:
And now ſhe's dead, ſome woman doth remaine
For ſtill ſhe hopes, once to be chang'd againe.

99. On Brawne.

Here *Brawne* the quondam begger lyes;
Who counted by his tale,
Full ſixſcore winters in his life;
Such vertue is in ale.

Ale was his meate, Ale was his drinke,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he ſtill have drunke his ale,
He had beene ſtill alive.

100. *On a candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little ſtar,
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* ſtole
And with it a fire-coale.
Or this is that I meane to handle,
Here doth lye a farthing-candle,
That was lov'd well, having it's light,
But loſing that, now bids good night.

101. *On M. R.*

Who ſooneſt dies lives long enough,
Our life is but a blaſt or puffe.
I did reſiſt and ſtrive with death,
But ſoone he put mee out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave mee,
But I did yeeld onely to breathe mee.

O're him I ſhall in triumph ſing,
Thy conqueſt grave, where is thy ſting?

102. *On an Inne-keeper.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inne, (ſin;
Where harbour'd was with mee all filthy kind of
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in. (my kin.
Why weepe you then my friends, my parents, and
Lament ye when I loſe, but weepe not when I win.

103. *On a Cobler.*

Come hither, read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Cobler's end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no laſte ſo long;
O mighty death! whoſe dart can kill,
The man that made him ſoules at will.

104. *On M. Aire.*

Under this ſtone of marble faire
Lyes th'body'ntomb'd of *Gervaſe Aire.*

He

He dy'd not of an ague fit,
Nor ſurfeted of two much wit,
Mee thinkes this was a wondrous death,
That Aire ſhould dye for want of breath.

105. *On a young man.*

Surpriz'd by griefe and ſickneſſe liere, I lye,
Stout in my middle age and ſoone made dead,
Yet doe not grudge at God, if ſoone thou dye,
But know hee trebles favours on thy head.
Who for thy morning worke, equalls thy pay,
With thoſe that have endur'd the heat of day.

106. *On the two Littletons who were drowned at Oxford, 1636.*

Here lye we (reader, canſt thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire,
For whil'ſt our bodies periſh't in the deepe,
Our ſoules in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleepe:
Let this be then our Epitaph: here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

107. *On a Butler.*

That death ſhould thus from hence our Butler catch
Into my mind it cannot quickly ſinke,
Sure death came thirſty to the butt'ry-hatch
When he (that buſy'd was) deny'd him drink.
Tut, twas not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quic-
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind (ker;
(The Butlers gone) the keyes are left behind.

108. *On M. Cooke.*

To God, his country, and the poore, he had
A zealous ſoule, free heart, and lib'rall mind.
His wife, his children, and his kindred ſad
Lacke of his love, his care and kindneſſe find:
Yet are their ſorrowes aſſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſſe he ſought.

109. *On a Porter.*

At length by workes of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Wyncheſter-gate:

If

If gone to heav'n, as much I feare,
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not hell ſo much for's ſin,
As for th' great rapping, and oft comming in.

110. *Vpon one, who dy'd in priſon.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Leſt a ſpye, enter in at doore,
Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not truſt not credit common aire:
But dye, and lye entombed here,
By me, I'le whiſper in thine eare
Such things as onely duſt to duſt,
(And without witneſſe) may entruſt.

111. *On Wadham-Colledge Butler.*

Man's life is like a new tunn'd caske they ſay,
The fore-moſt draught is oft-times caſt away,
Such are our younger yeares, the following ſtill,
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our man-hood, untill age at length,
Doth ſowre it's ſweetnes, & doth ſtop it's ſtrength:

Then

Then death preſcribing to each thing it's bounds
Takes what is left and turnes it all to grounds.

112. *On a Horſe.*

Here lyes a horſe, who dyed but
To make his maſter goe on foot.
A miracle ſhould it be ſo.
The dead to make the lame to goe;
Yet fate would have it, that the ſame
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

113. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lyes buried.
With gall more bitter never man was fed.
The living nor the dead to carpe he ſpar'd
Nor yet for any King or Cæſar car'd.
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His anſwer was, indeed I know him not.

114. *On William Coale an Ale-house-keeper, at Coaton neere Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here? henceforth be stale,
Be strong and laugh on us, thou Coaten Ale:
Living indeed he with his violent hand
Never left grasping thee, while he could stand.
But death at last, hath with his fiery flashes
Burnt the Coale, and turn'd it into ashes.

115. *On one Andrew Leygh, who was vext with a shrewd wife in his life-time.*

Here lyes *Leigh*, who vext with a shrewd wife;
To gaine his quiet parted with his life;
But see the spight, she that had alwaies crost
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghost.
But shee may faile, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cause his brother *Peter*, shut her out.

116. *In quendam.*

Stay mortall, stay, remove not from this Tombe,
Before thou hast consider'd well thy dombe;

My

My bow ſtands ready bent, and could'ſt it ſee
Mine arrow's drawne t'th head, and aymes at thee;
Prepare yet wandring Ghoſt, take home this line,
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

117. *On a vertuous youth.*

Reader, let a ſtone thee tell,
That in this body there did dwell
A ſoule, as heavenly, rich, and good
As e're could live in fleſh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it deare,
Did let it ſtay the leſſe while here;
Whoſe corps here ſacred aſhes makes
Thus heav'n and earth have parted ſtakes.

118. *On a Cock maſter.*

Fare-well ſtout hot-ſpur, now the battell's done,
In which th'art foyl'd, and death hath overcome,
Having o're-match't thy ſtrength, and made thee ſtoop
She quickly forc't the on the pit to droop:
From whence thou art not able, riſe or ſtirre:
For death is now become the vanquiſher.

119. *On a Mathematician.*

Loe in ſmall cloſure of this earthly bed,
Reſts he that heavens vaſt motions meaſured,
Who having knowne both of the land and skie,
More than fam'd *Archimed*, or *Ptolomy*,
Would further preſſe, and like a *Palmer* went.
With *Jacob's* ſtaffe, beyond the firmament.

120. *On a Taylor.*

Jack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawle or wrangle with the cruell fate,
Yet ſure 'twas hardly done, to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave in his owne bed.
He dy'd at forty juſt; poore ſhred of baſe
Mortality: who pitties not his caſe?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a naile at moſt for conſcience ſake:
But of his ſpan of life I dare to ſay,
Death ſtole not much leſſe than one halfe away;
And coward-like, juſt when he was not well
With his owne bodkin (pittifull to tell)
He board a hole through him, that all his men,
And prentices could not ſtitch up agen.

121. *On his Miſtris death.*

Unjuſtly we complaine of fate,
For ſhortning our unhappie dayes,
When death doth nothing but tranſlate,
And print us in a better phraſe;
Yet who can choſe but weepe? Not I:
That beauty of ſuch excellence,
And more vertue then could die,
By deaths rude hand is raviſh'd hence.
Sleep bleſt creature in thine urne,
My ſighes, my teares, ſhall not awake thee;
But ſtay untill my turne,
And then, Oh then! I'le over take thee.

122. *On* Hobſon *the Carrier.*

Conſtellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every ſigne peculiar right doth claime,
Of that to which it propagates a name;
Then I conjecture *Charles* the great Northern ſtar,
Whiſtled up *Hobſon* for to drive his Carr.
He is not dead, but left his manſion here,
He's left the Bull, and flitted to the Beare.

Me thinks I ſee how *Charon's* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd, he cannot have his riches.

123. *Another.*

Whom ſeeke ye ſirs? Old *Hobſon*? fie upon
Your tardineſſe, the Carrier is gone.
Why ſtare you ſo? nay you deſerve to faile,
Alas here's naught, but his old rotten maile.
He went a good-while ſince, no queſtion ſtore
Are glad, who vext he would not go before:
And ſome are griev'd hee's gone ſo ſoone away,
The Lord knowes why he did no longer ſtay.
How could he pleaſe you all? I'm ſure of this,
He linger'd ſoundly how ſoe're you miſſe,
But gone he is, nor was he ſurely well
At his departure as miſchance befell:
For he is gone in ſuch unwonted kinde
As ne're before, his goods all left behinde.

124. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes amongſt his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of letters.

His carriage was well knowne, oft hath he gone
In Embaſſye 'twixt father and the ſonne, (ken
There's few in Cambridge, to his praiſe be it ſpo-
But may remember him by ſome good token:
From whence he rid to London day by day,
Till death benighting him, he loſt his way,
His teame was of the beſt, nor would he have
Beene mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gone,
Since all men knew, he long was drawing on.
Thus reſt in peace thou everlaſting ſwaine
And ſupreame Wagganor, next *Charles* his waine.

125. *Vpon* John Crop, *who dyed by taking a vomit.*

Man's life's a game at tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune, by his wiſer play;
Death plai's againſt us, each diſeaſe and ſore
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more
To loſe the game; but an old ſtander by
Bind's up the blots, and cures the malady,
And ſo prolongs the game; *John Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to ſee

His play, the dice are throwne, when first he drink's
Cast's, makes a blot, death hits him with a Syncke.
He cast's againe, but all in vaine, for death
By th'after-game did winne the prize, his breath
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad
For never mortall man worse casting had.
But did not death play false, to winne from such
As he, no doubt he bare a man too much.

126. *On Prince* Henry.

Did he dye young? oh no, it could not be,
For I know few, that liv'd so long as he.
Till God and all men lov'd him, then be bold
The man that lives so long must needs be old.

127. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honest Cobler, whom curst fate,
Perceiving neare worne out, would'st needs trans
'Twas a good thrifty soule, & time hath bin, (slate
He would well liquor'd go through thick and thin
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be said,
Honest *Jo.* Cobler is here under lay'd.

128. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-leſſe hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the meanes yet doth not lack
To dye his friends cloth into mourning black.
Some ſure fore-ſaw his death, for they of late
Us'd to exclaime upon his dying fate. (beene,
And weake and faint, he ſeem'd oft-times 'thave
For to change colours, often he was ſeene;
Yet there no matter was ſo foule, but he
Would ſet a colour on it handſomlie.
Death him no unexpected ſtroke could give
That learnt to dye, ſince he began to live.
He ſhall yet prove, what he before hath try'd,
And ſhall once more, live after he hath dy'd

129. *On a diſagreeing couple*

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille:
Did ſcold with his wife:
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villâ.
did quittance his life:
His name was *Nicke*, the which was ſicke,
And that very *malè*,

Her name was *Nan*, who lov'd well a man
So gentlemen *vale*.

130. *On a Foot-boy that dyed with over-much running.*

Base tyrant death thus to assaile one tir'd
Who scarse his lateſt breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruell thus to slay
So swift a course, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be sure it was not death
That left behinde thy body out of breath:
Thy soule and body running in a race,
Thy soule held out, thy body tir'd apace,
Thy soule gained, and left that lump of clay
To rest it selfe, untill the latter day,

131. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt sheet, his full point this Tombe.
Of all aspersions I excuse him not,
'Tis knowne he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good coppies unto many:

He in good letters hath alwayes beene bred
And hath writ more, then many men have read.
He rulers had as his command by law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw.
He far more bond men had, and made then any,
A dash alone of his pen ruin'd many.
That not without good reason, we might call
His letters great or little Capitall:
Yet is the Scriveners fate as sure as just,
When he hath all done, then he fals to dust.

132. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weeks? or he
That could make light, here laid in darkenesse be?
Yet since his weeks were spent how could he chose?
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade lose.
Yet dead the Chandler is, and sleep's in peace,
No wonder! long since melted was his greace:
It seemes that he did evill, for day light
He hated, and did rather wish the night,
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold
His candle had an end, and death's black night
Is an extinguisher of all his light.

133. *On a Smith.*

Farewell ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art
Could make a ſhield againſt death's envious Dart.
Without a fault no man, his life doth paſſe,
For to his vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft, (as choller is encreas'd by fire)
Was in fume, and much enclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long bin us'd to forge, that he
Was with a black coale markt for forgery;
But he for witneſſe needed not to care,
Who but a black-Smith was, though ner'e ſo faire
And opportunities he ſlacked not
That knew to ſtrike, then when the ir'n was hot;
As the doore nailes he made, hee's now as dead,
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

134. *On a man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleece of ſilent waters drown'd;
Before my death was knowne a grave I found.
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For griefe ſtraight froz it ſelfe into a tombe.
One clement my angry fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tombe, and winding-ſheet.
Phœbus himſelfe an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many e're he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tombe were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;

For

For every one that paſſed by that way,
Without a ſculpture read that there I lay;
Here now the ſecond time untomb'd I lye,
And thus much have the beſt of Deſtinie:
Corruption from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feede on me:
My firſt grave tooke me from the race of men,
My laſt ſhall give me backe to life agen.

135. *On Doctor* Hacket's *wife.*

Drop mournfull eyes your pearly-trick'ling teares
Flow ſtreames of ſadneſſe, drowne the ſpangled ſpheares
Fall like the tumbling cataracts of Nile,
Make deafe the world with cries; let not a ſmile
Appeare, let not an eye be ſeene to ſleepe
Nor ſlumber; onely let them ſerve to weepe
Her deare lamented death, who in her life
Was a religious, loyall loving wife,
Of children tender, to an husband kinde
Th'undoubted ſymptoms of a vertuous mine:
Which mak's her glorious, bove the higheſt pole,
Where Angels ſing ſweet Requiems to her ſoule.
Shee liv'd a none-ſuch, did a none-ſuch dye,
Neere Non-ſuch here her corpes interred lye.

136. *On an Infant unborne, the Mother dying in travell.*

The Father digg'd a pit, and in it left
Part of himſelfe interr'd, that ſoone bereft
The Mother of the gift, ſhe gave, life; ſo
Both now are buried in one Tombe of woe.
'Tis ſtrange the Mother ſhould a being give,
And not have liberty to make it live.
'Twas ſtrange, that the child blindfold eſpi'd
So quick and neere away to parricide;
Yet both are juſtly queſtion'd, child and Mother
Are guilty of the killing of each other.
Not with an ill intent, both did deſire
Preſerves for life, and not a funerall fire; (beſt
And yet they needs muſt dye, and 'was thought
To keep the Infant in the Mother's cheſt;
It had both life and death from her, the wombe
In which it was begot, became the tombe;
There was ſome marble ſav'd, becauſe in her
The wombe that bare it, was a ſepulcher,
Whoſe Epitaphs are theſe, here lies a child that ſhal
Be free from all ſins but originall.
Here lies a pittied mother that did dye
Onely to beare her poore child companie.

137. *Vpon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruell death that ſtopt the view;
Of *Thoms* pariſhioner good-man *Pue*,
Who lived alwayes in good order,
Untill that death ſtopt his recorder,
Which was betwixt Eaſter and Pentecoſt,
In the yeere of the great froſt,
At New-market then was the King:
When as the bels did merrily ring;
The Miniſter preached the day before
Unto his Highneſſe and no more,
Returning home ſaid prayers, and
Buried the man as I underſtand.

138. *On M.* Waſhington, *page to the Prince.*

Knew'ſt thou whoſe theſe aſhes were,
Reader thou would'ſt weeping ſweare,
The raſh fate err'd here, as appeares,
Counting his vertues for his yeeres,
His goodneſſe made them ſo o're ſeene,
Which ſhew'd him threeſcore, at eighteene.

Enquire

Enquire not his diſeaſe or paine!
He dy'd of nothing elſe but ſpayne,
Where the worſt calenture he feeles,
Are Jeſuits, and Alguazils,
Where he is not allow'd to have,
(Unleſſe he ſteal't) a quiet grave.

He needs no other Epitaph or ſtone
But this, here lyes lov'd *Waſhington*,
Write this in teares, in that looſe duſt,
And every greiv'd beholder muſt,
When he weighs him, and knowes his yeeres,
Renew the letters with his teares.

139. *On Doctor* Whaly.

What? is the young *Apollo* growne of late
Conſcious his tender yeeres are nothing fit
To rule the now-large Heliconian ſtate
Without a ſage competitor in it?
And therefore ſent death, who might *Whaly* bring
To be a Guardian to this ſtripling King?
Sure ſo it is, but if we thought it might
Be worſe then this: namely that the gods for ſpight

To

To earth; had tane him hence, wee'd weep amaine,
Wee'd weep a Phlegeton a ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oare,
Ferry his ſoule to the Eliſian ſhoares.

140. *On our prime Engliſh Poet.* Geffery Chaucer *an ancient Epitaph.*

Dy Maſter Chaucer, with his freſh Comedies
Is dead alas chiefe Poet of Brittaine,
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies.
The fault alſo of Princes he did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraigne;
Whom all this land ſhould of right preferre
Both of our language he was the Loadſterre.

141. *On M.* Edm. Spencer *the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets where the beſt renoun'd
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

142. *On*

142. *On Io.* Owen.

Well had theſe words bin added to thy herſe,
What ere thou ſpak'ſt (like *Ovid*) was a verſe.

143. *On* Michael Drayton *buried in Weſtminſter.*

Doe pious Marble let thy Readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To *Drayton's* ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory
And a laſting monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name:
His name, which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

144. *On* William Shake-ſpeare.

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye

A little neerer *Spencer*, to make roome (tombe
For *Shake-ſpeare* in your three-fold, foure-fold
To lodge all foure in one bed make a ſhift
Untill doomes day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by Fates be ſlaine,
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.
If your precedencie in death doe barre
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulchre,
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleepe rare Tragædian *Shake-ſpeare*! ſleepe alone.
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared Cave
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not tenant of thy grave.
That unto us, and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

145. *On Maſter* Beaumont.

He that hath ſuch acuteneſſe and ſuch wit,
As well may aske ſix lives to manage it;
He that hath writ ſo well, that no man dare
Deny it for the beſt; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſoule death appeares,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few yeeres.

146. *On*

146. *On* Ben-Johnson.

The Muſes faireſt light, in no darke time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the line
that none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature: The beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen;
The voyce moſt eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoule which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others; and moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her muſick with her owne.

147. *On the death of* Mary, *Counteſſe of Pembroke.*

Under-neath this ſable hearſe,
Lies the ſubject of all verſe.
Sidneys ſiſter Pembrookes mother;
Death e're thou haſt kill'd another.
Faire and learned good as ſhee,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.
Marble Pillers let none raiſe
To her name for after dayes.

Some

Some kind woman borne as ſhee,
Reading this as *Niobe*,
Shall turne Marble and become,
Both thy mourner, and thy Tombe.

148. *On Sir Walter Rawleygh at his execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee ſo to dye?
Death yeelding thee the victory?
Where took'ſt thou leave of life? if there
How could'ſt thou be ſo freed from feare?
But ſure thou dyeſt, and quit'ſt the ſtate
Of fleſh and blood before that fate.
Elſe what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in fleſh and thought?
I ſaw in every ſtander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eyde:
Th'example that thou left'ſt was them;
Wee looke for when thou dy'ſt again.
Farewell, truth ſhall thy ſtory ſay,
Wee dy'd, thou onely liv'dſt that day.

149. *On Sir Horatio Palavozeene.*

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavozeene*,
Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a theefe. A theefe? thou ly'st:
For why, he robb'd but Antichrist.
Him death with his beesome swept from Babram,
Into the bosome of old *Abraham*:
But then came *Hercules* with his club,
And strucke him downe to *Belzebub*.

150. *On Sir Francis Drake. drowned.*

Where *Drake* first found, there last he lost his fame,
And for his toombe lost nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under some great wave,
The sea that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can say, here lyes *Sir Francis Drake*?

151. *On Sir Walter Rawleygh.*

If ſpite be pleas'd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleas'd, when it hath bruiz'd the head,
Or envie pleas'd, when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Rawleygh's* blood is cold,
Which were it warme and active, would o'recome
And ſtrike the two firſt blind, the other dombe.

152. *On Sir Philip Sydney.*

Reader: Within this ground *Sir Philip Sydney* lyes,
Nor is fit that more,
I ſhould acquaint,
Leſt ſuperſtition riſe
And men adore,
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, and a Saint.

153. *On a learned Noble man.*

He that can read a ſigh, and ſpell a teare,
Pronounce amazement, or accent wild feare,
Or get all griefe by heart, he, onely hee
Is fit to write, or reade thy Elegie.

Unvalued Lord! that were't ſo hard a Text,
Read in one age, and underſtood i'th' next.

154. *On the Tombes in Weſtminſter.*

Mortality behold and feare,
What a change of fleſh is here;
Thinke how many Royall bones,
Sleepe within theſe heape of ſtones;
Here they lye, had Realmes and Lands,
Who now want ſtrength to ſtirre their hands;
Where from their pulpits ſeel'd with duſt,
They preach, in greatneſſe is no truſt.
Here's an acre ſowne indeed,
With the richeſt, royall'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e're ſuck in,
Since the firſt man dy'd for ſinne:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though gods they were, as men they dy'd;
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Drop'd from the ruin'd ſides of Kings:
Here's a world of pompe and ſtate,
Buried in duſt, once dead by fate.

155. *On Q. Elizabeth.*

ing's, Queen's, Men's, Virgin's eyes
ee where the Mirrour lyes.
n whom her friends have seen,
A Kings state in a Queene:
n whom her foes survay'd,
A man's heart in a Maid:
Whom left men for her piety
Should grow to thinke some diety,
Heaven hence by death did summon
Her, to shew that she was woman.

156. *On Queene Anne, who dyed in March, was kept all Aprill, and buried in May.*

March with his winds hath strucke a Cedar tall,
And weeping Aprill mournes the Cedar's fall;
And May intends her month no flow'rs shal bring,
Since she must lose, the flow'r of all the spring.
Thy March his winds have caused Aprill show'rs,
And yet sad May must lose his flow'r of flow'rs.

157. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader; wonder thinke it none,
Though I ſpeake, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtiall duſt,
And I keepe it but in truſt:
Should I not my treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could choſe but breake,
If it had not lear'nd to ſpeake:
Hence amaz'd and aske not mee
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes bee.
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For alas were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by,
Melt themſelves to teares and dye.

158. *On King Iames his death.*

We juſtly, when a meaner ſubject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph, with, Here he lyes,
But when a King, whoſe memory remaines
Tryumphant over death, with here he raignes.
Now hee is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deſervedly, eternall Attributes.

For ſhall wee thinke his glory can deceaſe,
That's honour'd with the ſtile, The King of Peace:
Whoſe happy union of Great Brittanie
Call's him the bleſſed King of Unity.
And in whoſe Royall title it enſu'th,
Defender of the faith, and King of truth:
Theſe girt thy brows with an immortall Crown,
(Great *James*) & turn thy Tombe into a Throne.

159. *On the King of Sweden's death.*

Tis ſin to praiſe or weepe; Oh let me vent
My paſſion onely in aſtoniſhment.
Who ſheads a teare for thee (brave Swead thus
His eyes do penance for his weaker braine; (ſlain)
And yet thoſe eyes themſelves deſerve this doome,
Which thus miſtake a Trophie for a Tombe.
Or elſe thy foes may weepe, as then they did
As when thou dyed't, but all their teares were blood.
O what a tempeſt, what a ſea was forc't,
Of tribute, groanes and teares, to waft one Ghoſt.
No way but death they had to flie thy face:
Thou quit's thy body to purſue thy chaſe.

But who pretends thy praiſe in beſt expreſſion,
Indites his judgment of confeſt preſumption. (hand
Bold tongue, touch not that head, that heart, that
Which brought on's knees (whē he did tip-to ſtand)
The pride of Auſtria, back't what all but heaven.
Himſelfe of all, but of himſelfe bereven.
Thus having plum'd th'imperiall bird alone,
Upon thoſe Eagle wings to heaven he's flowne:
Why ſhould he ſtay on earth, the game is done;
Others can part the ſtake that hee hath wonne,
'Tis low ambition, underneath his ſtory,
To ayme at any crowne, but that of glory.
Then Cannon play, his body's ſacrific'd,
He is not Cannon'd, no he's Canoniz'd.

160. *Another on the King of Sweden.*

The world expects Swede's monumentall ſtone,
Should equall the Philoſophers, each groane
Should breath a golden veine, and every verſe
Should draw *Elixar* from his fatall herſe.
No fitter ſubject where ſtrong lines ſhould meet,
Than ſuch a noble center; could the feet
Of able verſe but trace his rectories,
They need not feare o're ſtrain'd Hyperbolie's,

Where all's tranſcendent, who out paralell'd
Plutarch's ſelected *Heroes*: and is held
The tenth of Worthies, who hath over-acted
Great *Cæſar's* German-comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing awe,
He often over-came before he ſaw:
And (what of his great ſonne *Jove* us'd to ſay)
He alwaies either found or made his way.
Such was his perſonall and ſingle fight,
As if that death it ſelfe had ta'ne her flight
Into brave Sweden's ſcabbard, when he drew;
Death with that ſteele inevitably flew;
His campe a Church, wherein the Gen'rall's life
Was the beſt Sermon, and the onely ſtrife
Amongſt his was to repeate it, bended knee
Was his prime poſture, and his enemy
Found this moſt prevalent, his diſcipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-ſhine
Thoſe antique Martiall-Græcian, Roman lamps,
From which moſt of the world's ſucceeding camps
Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was hee
All this and more, yet even all this can dye.
Death ſurely ventur'd on the Swede to try
If heav'n were ſubject to mortality.

And

And ſhot his ſoule to Heav'n, as if that ſhe
Could (if not kill) unthrone a diety.
Bold death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another ſenſe
That Heav'n is ſaid to ſuffer violence.
No yr'n chain-ſhot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of Vertue, and the Graces, are the maine,
That do unhinge the everlaſting gates,
All which like yoked undivided mates,
Were link't in Sweden, where they were enchain'd
Like Orthodoxall volumes nothing feign'd,
Though fairly bound, his ſtory is not dipt
In oyle, but in his owne true manuſcript.
It is enough to name him, ſurely wee
Have got that Roman's doting Lethargy:
And may our names forget, if ſo we can
Forget the name of Sweden, renown'd man!
Thou had'ſt no ſooner made the Worthies ten,
But Heaven did claime the tenth: jealous that men
Would idolize thee, but their inſtrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occident:
Had longer daies beene granted by the fates,
Rome had heard this *Hannibal* at her gates.

Farewell thou Auſtrian ſcourge,
Thou moderne wonder,

Strang

Steange raine hath followed
Thy laſt clap of thunder,
A ſhower of teares:
And yet for ought we know,
The Horne, that's left,
May blow downe Jerecho.

FANCIES

FANCIES
AND
FANTASTICKES.

Thoughts——
Searching } c
Valued } may B
Love——

Truth never ties
Too A foole vv

If V2 have part W.R

And IF V bb

Y'ave 1.2. many then I.C.
And R not worth
Write } QQ
I'le—— } not yours V V

2 A ✠

That ♡ goe doth

That's

rul'd by 1.

Whose ◡ sayes no:

I'le try ere trust

Ward lest

my ⊗

Find slight regard.

The

The a whilst

I 2 lovers

That

gazed mee.

There was nor

nor loathsome

That might disturb or break delight,

Nor

Nor nor

in that same road,
And yet to mee they seem'd affright
favour
Then them I told
True love can not be
bold.

Est aliis servire tenetur
Iure qui
sum, servire necesse est
Iure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
ant are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
ant sero cunctis.

Thus Englished.

-king is bound to serve his Mr's hands
An-
you & bound to do your high-cõmands
me
None's you
you all are then
le praise you.
other men.

The Church Papist.

Hold as faith
What Rome's Church faith
Where th' King is head
The Flocks stilled
Where th' Alter's dreſt
The peoples bleſt
Hee's but an aſſe
Who ſhuns the Maſſe
Who charity preach
They heav'n ſoon reach
In faith t'rely
Is hereſie

What England's Church allows
My conſcience diſavowes
The Church can have no ſeame
Where the Pop's ſupreame
There's ſervice ſcarce divine
Where's table bread and wine
Who the Communion flies
Is Catholique and wiſe
Their Church with error's fraught
Where only faith is taught
No matter for good works
Makes Chriſtians worſe then Turks.

These may be read two or three wayes.

Your face Your Tongue Your wit

so faire so smooth so sharpe

first drew then mov'd then knit

mine eye mine eare my heart

Mine eye Mine eare My heart

thus drawne thus mov'd thus knit

affects hang's on yeelds to

your face your tongue your wit

These may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I doe defie,
Destroy me Death, faine would I die:

Forlorne

Forlorne am I, love is exild,
Scorne ſmiles thereat; hope is beguild:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in woe muſt dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs all farewell.

A doubtfull meaning.

Lawyers themſelves uphold the Common-weale,
They puniſh; ſuch as doe offend and ſteale,
With cunning Art they free; the innocent,
From danger, loſſe; ſhame and puniſhment
They can, but will not, keep the world in awe
With wrong expounded and miſconſtred Law;
Great ſtore of love and charity,
They have not, wanting amity.

Another doubtfull meaning.

The *fœminine* kind is counted ill:
And is I ſweare: The contrarie:
No man can find: That hurt they will:
But every where: Doe ſhow pittie:
To no kind heart: They will be curſt:
To all true friends: They will be truſtie:
In no part: They worke the worſt:
With tongue and mind: But honeſtie:
They doe deteſt: Inconſtancie:
They doe embrace: Honeſt intent:
They like leaſt: Lewd fantaſie:
In every caſe: Are penitent:
At no ſeaſon: Doing amiſſe:
To it truely: Contrarie:
To all reaſon: ſubject and meeke:
To no body: Malitious:
To friend or foe: Or gentle ſort:
They be never: Doing amiſſe:
In weale and woe: Of like report:
They be ever: Before of this:
The *fœminine* kInd: Shall have my heart:
Nothing at all: Falſe they will be:
In word and mind: To ſuffer ſmart:
And ever ſhall: Beleeve you me:

A Riddle.

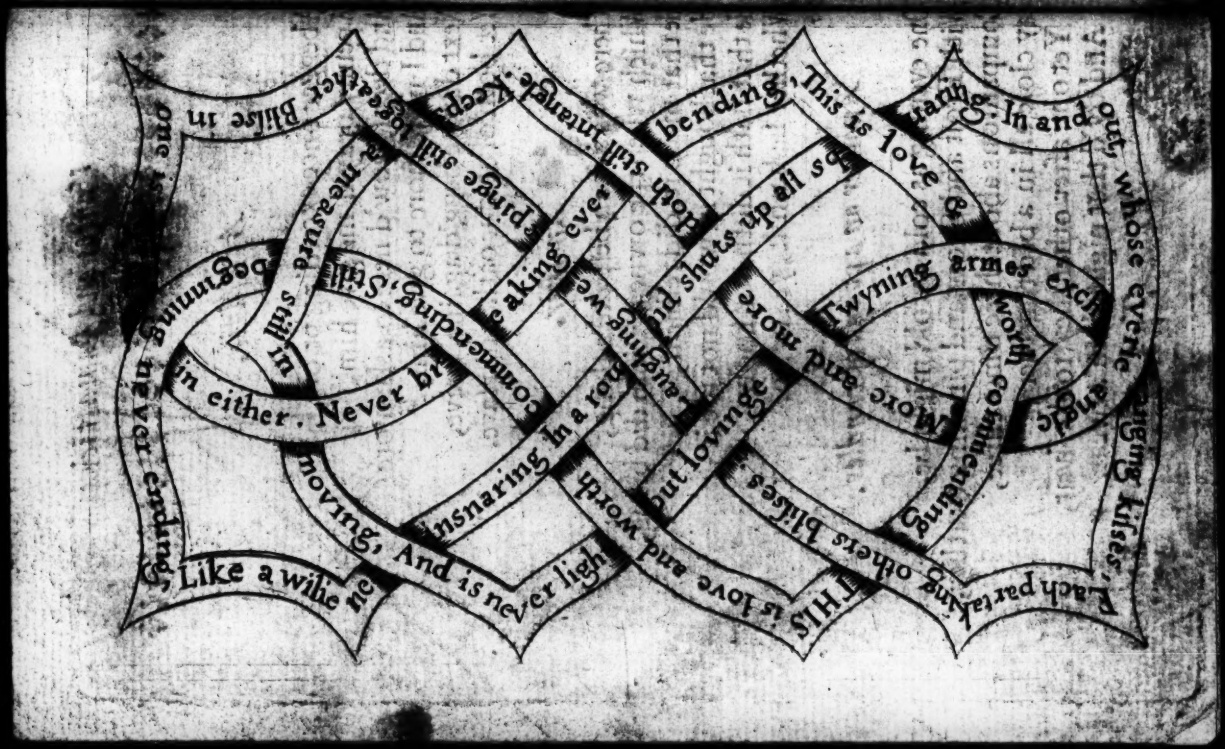
A begger once exceeding poore,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd nere to aske more
And I ne're more to give him,
Next day he begg'd againe, I gave,
Yet both of us our oathes did save.

Another.

There was a man bespake a thing,
Which when the owner whom did bring,
He that made it, did refuse it,
He that bought it, would not use it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another on a pound of candles.

One evening as cold as cold might be,
With Frost and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay close all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they tooke heat,
And dy'd that night all in a sweat.



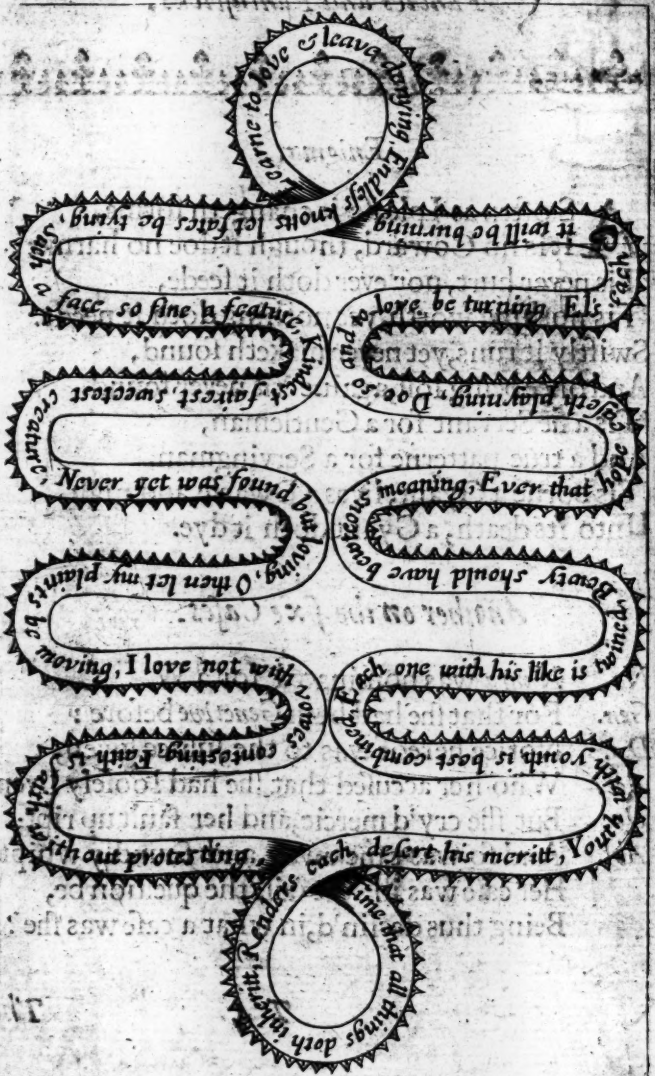
out, whose everie angle
ranging kisses,
Each partaking others blisses.
THIS is love and worth
Ever ligh
And is never
moving,
Like a wilie ne
& Like a wilie
never ending,
beginning
in either. Never bi
commending, Still
a measure still in
Keeps
Springe still together
Blisse in
one is
Keeps
doth still intangle.
bending, This is love &
Twyning armes exch
worth commending
More and more
out lovinge
Laughing we
and shuts up all s
Insnaring in a rou
eaking ever

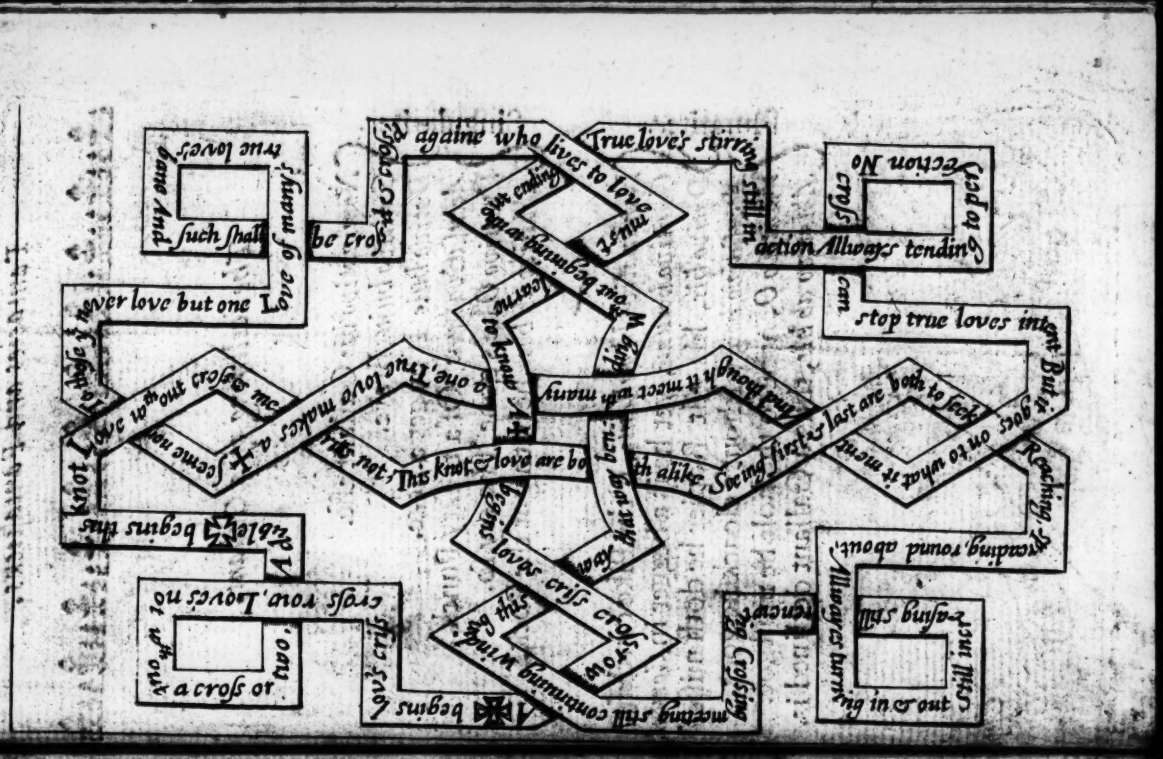
Enigma.

AS often as I please it changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme:
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feede,
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it neede.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh sound,
And once being lost, againe 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true patterne for a Servingman.
'Tis borne a Gyant, lives a Dwarfe, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the sixe Cases.

No. *Nanta* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For that she had been *Genetive* before:
Da. Notice hereof was to the Justice given,
Acc. Who her accused that she had loosely liven
Vo. But she cry'd mercie, and her fault up right;
Abl. And so was tane away and soundly whipt.
Her case was ill: yet will the question be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a case was she?


Learne to love & leave denying. Endlesse knots let fates be tying, Such a
face so fine, a feature, Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature,
Never yet was found but loving, O then let my plaints be
moving, I love not with
Beauty should have
meaning, Ever that hope
and love be turning. Eli
it will be burning.
Each one with his like is
With youth is best combined,
courtesying faith is
without protesting.
Lenders each desert his merit, Youth
time that all things doth vanquish.


Love of many!
such shall
true lovers
be crost
crost again who lives to love
True love's stirring still in
action Alwayes tending to perfection No
crost
stop true loves intent But it
goes on to what it meant
Reaching,
Crossing,
Alwayes turning in & out
still increasing still
Crossing
meeting still continuing Winding
this
crost
lovers crost
begins
this knot
Love
Trifle
begins this
knot Love
Love is out crost me
Love is in
Love is
out crost
a cross
no
true,
cross true, Lovers no
crost
lovers crost
begins
Love
Love
Love

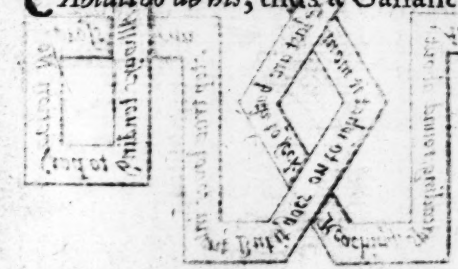
The declining of a Gallant.

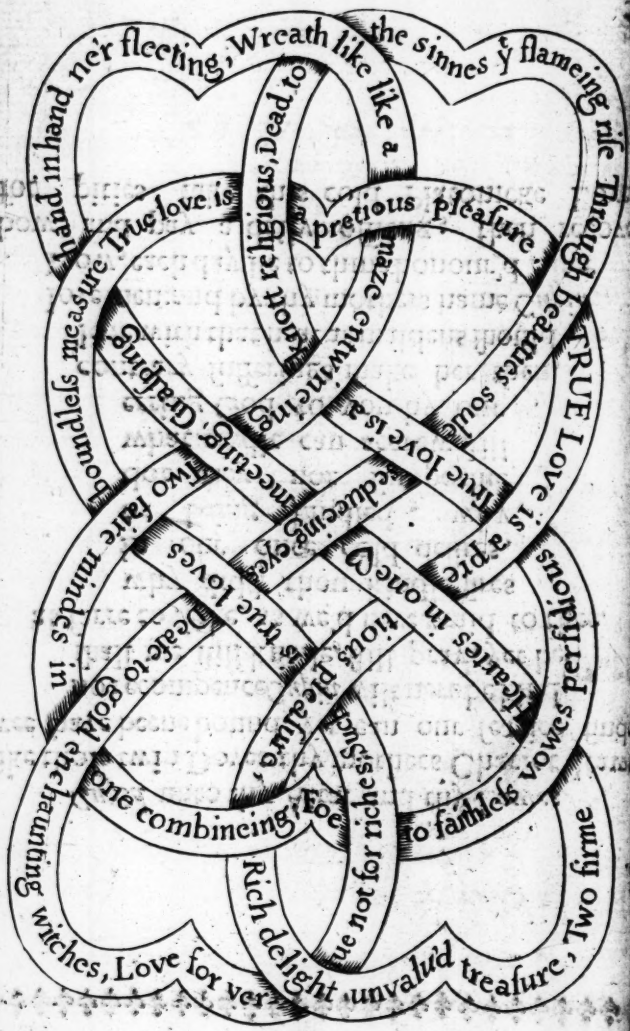
Singulariter.

Nominativo hic Gallant asse.
Genitivo hujus Brave.
Dativo huic If he get a licke.
Accusativo hunc Of a taffaty Punck.
Vocativo O he's gone if he cry so.
Ablativo ab hoc he hath got the Pock.

Pluraliter.

Nominativo hi gallanti, if the Pike can defie.
Genitivo horum, yet he is a begger in *Corum*.
Dativo his, his gilt Rapier he doth misse.
Accusativo hos, without a cloack he goes.
Vocativo O, woe to the hole he must goe.
Ablativo ab his, thus a Gallant declined is.




hand in hand ne'r fleeting, Wreath like like a
the sinnes ye flameing rise Through beauties soul
TRUE Love is a pre
Two faire mindes in
Dead to Gold enchaunting witches, Love for ver
Rich delight unvalu'd treasure, Two firme
one combineing, Foe
to faithless vowes perfidious
Hearts in one
is true loves
Dead to Gold enchaunting witches, Love for ver
Two faire mindes in
meeting, Grasping
Knott religious, Dead to
a pretious pleasure
maze entwineing
True love is
True love is a
seduceing eyes
tious pleasure,
ue not for riches, Such

Cupid unto thy Altar and thy Lawes
like thoſe twin Doves thy mothers Chariot draws
wee have beene bound, yet can our ſervice finde
no recompence *Cupid* wilt nere be kind;
ſhall we ſtill kneele, ſtill pray, yet be
as farre to ſeeke, as we'd nere praid to thee.
why didſt thou kindle fires
in our once cold deſires,
or being kindled, why
doe they not ſympothie
what credit can accrew ſtill
erring God to you by our
contrary ſufferings make her then,
love with that heat as maidens ſhould
love men: and by thy mothers name *Cupid*
I vow, each day ile to thine honour'd Alter
bow, and pay a daily offring; then recover
for pities ſake this cold Platonicke Lover.

A Ropes end sent for a New-yeeres gift.

That our loves may never alter,
Tye it fast with this strong Halter.

The answer.

The Rope is old, the Jest is new,
I'le take the Jest, the Rope take you.

A Gentleman to his Love.

Tell her I love, and if she aske how well;
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can tell.

Her Answer.

Say not you love, unlesse you doe,
For lying will not honour you.

His Answer.

Maddam I love, and love to doe,
And will not lye unlesse with you.

A loving bargaine.

Give me but a kiſſe, I'le make that odde one even,
Then trebble that ſame which you have given;
Be ſure I'le anſwer you, and if I miſſe,
Then take a thouſand forfeits for a kiſſe,
And a thouſand be too few, then take more:
Kiſſe me, with your kiſſes make me poore:
When I am begger'd, ſome hope will remaine,
You will for pittie give me ſome againe.

A Queſtion.

Betweene two Sutors ſat a Lady faire,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did weare:
And of the enamoured two, the firſt alone
A Garland wore like hers, the ſecond none; (wore,
From her owne head ſhee tooke the wreathe ſhee
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then (mark this) their brows were both about
Be ſet with Garlands, and ſhe ſate without:
Beholding now theſe rivals on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equall pride:
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off; and therewith her own brow ſhe clad:

And then (not this) ſhe and the ſecond were
With Garlands deck'd and the firſt man ſate bare.
Now which did ſhe love beſt? of him to whom
She gave the wreath, or him ſhe tooke it from.

The Anſwer.

In my conceipt, ſhe would him ſooneſt have,
From whom ſhe took, not him to whom ſhe gave.
For to beſtow many reſpects, may move:
But to receive, none can perſwade but love.
Shee grac'd him much on whom the wreath ſhee plac'd,
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore, ſhee much more grac'd.
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes:
But makes her ſelfe a ſervant where ſhe takes.
Then where ſhe takes, ſhe honours moſt: & where
She doth moſt honour, ſhe moſt love doth beare.

To a deſerving friend.

Though others know themſelves, might I adviſe,
You ſhould not know your ſelfe in any wiſe:
For few or none with ſuch rare gift include;
If they once know themſelves, can but be proud.

On Chloris walking in the snow.

I saw faire *Chloris* walke alone,
When feather'd raine came softly downe,
Then *Love* descended from his Tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whitenesse there,
For griefe it thaw'd into a teare,
Then falling downe her garment hemm,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Vpon Clarinda begging a lock of her lovers haire.

Fairest *Clarinda*, she whom truth cals faire,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of haire;
Should I give both said I, how should I live,
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that lett theeving love should steale away,
Discretion had lock'd up and kept the key;
As for the lock of haire, which lovers use
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuse,

Taking

Taking her sizars by a cunning art,
First pick'd the lock, and then she stole my heart.

To his Mistris.

Dearest thy twin'd haires are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds, nor doe I hold,
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheekes to be,
Fresh Roses, nor thy dugs of Ivory,
The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Nor Alablaster is, nor dost thou breath,
Arabian odours, these the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impaire thy worth;
Such then are other mistresses, but mine,
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth, sure in thy love,
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation,
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;
If meteors and each falling star
Of heavenly matter framed are:

Earth hath thy miſtreſſe,but ſure thine
All heavenly is,though not divine.

To his Miſtreſſe.

I love becauſe it comes to mee by kind,
And much, becauſe it much delights my minde:
And thee,becauſe thou art within my heart.
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.
I love,and much,and thee,and thee alone,
By kind,mind, heart and every one.

Her anſwer.

Thou lov'ſt not,becauſe thou art unkind,
Nor much, 'cauſe it delighteth not thy mind.
Nor mee,becauſe I am not in thy heart,
Nor me alone, becauſe I want deſert,
Thou lov'ſt nor much,nor mee,nor mee alone,
By kind, mind, heart,deſert, nor any one;

Clowniſh Court-ſhip.

Excellent Miſtreſſe,brighter than the Moone,
Then ſcoured pewter,or the ſilver ſpoone,

Fairer

Fairer than *Phœbus* or the morning ſtarre,
Dainty faire Miſtreſſe by my troth you are,
As farre excelling *Dion*, and her Nimphs,
As lobſters crawfiſh, and as crawfiſh ſhrimps:
Thine eyes like diamonds do ſhine moſt cleerly,
As I'm an honeſt man I love thee dearly.

A compariſon.

Like to the ſelfe inhabiting ſnaile,
Or like a ſquirrell pent-hous'd under his taile,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a vaile
Or like to a Carpe that's loſt in mudding
Nay more, like to a blacke pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſſe beauty in a taffity gin.

A queſtion.

Tell me (ſweete heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*,
Tell mee but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have,
That thou art one who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,

If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell mee (ſweet heart) how ſpel'ſt thou *Jone.*

The anſwer.

I tell you (Sir) and tell you true,
That I am I, and I am one,
So can I ſpell *Jone* without you,
And ſpelling ſo can lye alone:
My eye to one is conſonant,
But as for yours it is not ſo;
If that your eye agreement want
I to your eye muſt anſwer No;
Therefore leave off your loving plea
And let your I be I *per ſe.*

Loves Prime.

Deare love, do not your faire beauty wrong
With thinking ſtill you are too young,
The Roſe and Lillie in your cheeke,
Do flouriſh and no ripening ſeeke:
Thoſe flaming beames, ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhow loves midſomer is nigh.

Your cherry lip, red, ſoft, and ſweete,
Proclaime ſuch fruit for taſt is meete:
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Miſtreſſe.

When firſt I ſaw thee thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle theefe, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render mee mine againe, or leave thy owne,
Two are too much for thee ſince I have none;
But if thou wilt not I will ſweare thou art
A ſweet fac't creature with a double heart.

Another.

Sweeteſt faire, be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with diſdaine,
Let not thoſe bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vaine,
Leſt men juſtly when I dye.
Deeme you the candle, mee the flye.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a ſtudied ſtile,
Nor ſpeake words diſtant from my heart a mile;
I cannot viſit Hide-parke every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot ſpanniolize it weeke by weeke,
Or waite a moneth to kiſſe your hand or cheeke;
If when you'r lov'd you cannot love againe,
Why do but ſay ſo, I am out of paine.

Excuſe for abſence.

You'll aske perhaps wherefore I ſtay,
(Loving ſo much) ſo long away?
I do not thinke 'twas I did part,
It was my body not my heart:
For like a compaſſe in your love,
One foot was fixt and cannot move,
Th'other may follow the blind guide,
Of giddy fortune: but cannot ſlide
Beyond your ſervice, will venter
To wander farre from you the Center.

To a faire but unkind Miſtreſſe.

I prethee turne that face away,
Whoſe ſplendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shunne the bright rayes with beautie darts;
Unwelcome is the Sunne that pries
Into thoſe ſhades where ſorrowes lyes.
Goe ſhine on happy things, to mee
This bleſſing is a miſery.
For your bright Sunne, not warmes, but burnes,
Like that the Indian ſootie turnes,
I'le ſerve the night, and there confind
Wiſh thee leſſe faire, or elſe more kind.

To himſelfe.

Retreat ſad heart, breed not thy further paine,
Admire, but fonder thoughts ſeeke to refraine.

To ſome Ladies.

Ladies, you that ſeeme ſo nice,
And as cold in ſhow as ice,

And perhaps have held out thrice,
Do not thinke but in a trice,
One or other may intice,
And at last, by some device
Set your honour at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skinne,
Rosie lips, or cheekes, or chin,
All that gaze upon you, win
Yet insult not, sparkes within
Slowly burne e're flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

A Heart lost.

Good folke for love or hire,
But helpe mee to a Cryer,
For my poore heart is gone astray
After two eyes that went that way.
O yes! if there be any man
In towne or country can
Bring mee my heart againe,
I'le pay him for his paine.

And

And by these markes I will you show,
That onely I this heart do owe.
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet stickes the dart,
Every part sore hurt through out:
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a deere,
That never use to roame,
But having got a haunt I feare
Will never stay at home.
For love sake walking by this way,
If you this heart doe see;
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it home to mee.

The sad Lover.

Why should I wrong my judgement so,
As for to love where I doe know
There is no hold for to be taken.

For what her wish thirsts after most,
If once of it her heart can boast,
Straight by her folly 'tis forsaken.

Thus

Thus while I ſtill purſue in vaine,
Me thinkes I turn a child againe,
And of my ſhadow am a chaſing.

For all her favours are to mee
Like apparitions which I ſee,
But never can come neere the embracing.

Oft had I wiſh't that there had beene,
Some Almanacke whereby to have ſeene,
When love with her had been in ſeaſon.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reaſon.

Yet will I not for this diſpaire,
For time her humor may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my conſtancie
Shee now denies: one day may be
From her inconſtancie expected.

A watch ſent to a Gentlewoman.

Goe and count her happy howres,
They more happy are then ours:
That day, that gets her any bliſſe,
Make it twice as long as 'tis:
The howre ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine Art increas'd to thee:
But if ſhe frowne on thee or mee,
Know night is made by her not thee:
Be ſwift in ſuch an howre and ſoone,
Make it night though it be noone:
Obey her time, who is the free,
Faire, ſun that governes thee and mee.

On a Fairing.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſſe faith
Bribe it with gifts: mine no ſuſpition hath:
It were a ſinne of as much ſtaine in mee,
To thinke you falſe, as ſo my ſelfe to be.
If to reward that thou haſt expreſt,
Thou doſt expect a preſent: 'tis confeſt
'Twere juſtice from another, but I am
So poore, I have not left my ſelfe a name.
In ſubſtance, not made thine by gift before,
He that beſtowes his heart can give no more

It thou wilt have a fairing from mee, then
Give mee my ſelfe backe, I'le give it thee agen.

Wee are agreed
In time to ſpeed,
I truſt in time
Thou wilt be mine.
Though time us tarry
Yet weele not vary.
Hearts of mettle
In time may ſettle.
Though time do ſlide,
Yet in true love abide.
Nought ſo ſweet
As when wee greet.
Thy affection
My perfection.

If V 2 I *as* I 2 V *am true*
I
V *muſt lye, and* V
I

You have ſubſtance and I live,
But by the ſhadow which you give,
Subſtanee and ſhadow, both are due,
And given of mee to none but you.
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is poſſeſſor of the heart.

A Lovers departure.

Though envious fortune which could neire have
As yet to grace mee with your pleaſing ſmile: (wile,
But ever frown'd, now to augment my griefe.
Barre mee your ſight, your refuge and reliefe.
Yet thou'aſt my heart, my deere inſtead of mee:
And as it lives ſo ſhall it dye with mee,
Although I part, and parting be a paine,
Keepe thou my heart till I returne againe;
So that in part, I but depart from thee,
Thou haſt my heart, the reſt remaines with mee.

Which

Which reſt ſmall reſt ſhall find, till having run,
It's wonted courſe, and where it firſt begun,
What more remains beſt thoughts ſhall you attend,
My love in you began, in you ſhall end.

Choyce of a Meſtreſſe.

Not that I wiſh my Miſtris
More or leſſe than what ſhe is,
Write I theſe lines: for 'tis too late
Rules to preſcribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender ſtomackes call
For ſome choyce meate, that beares not all:
A quezie lover may impart,
What Miſtreſſe 'tis that pleaſe his heart.

Firſt I would have her richly ſpred,
With natures bloſſomes, white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye
That have not ſewell from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except ſome treaſure lies within;

For

For where the ſpoyle's not worth the ſtay,
Men raiſe their ſiege, and goe away.

I'de have her wiſe enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to ſhow:
For ſhe that doth at randome chuſe,
She will as ſoone her choyce refuſe.

And yet me thinkes I'de have her mind,
So flowing courteſie inclin'd:
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pitty onely when I pray'd.

And I would wiſh her true to be,
(Miſtake mee not) I meane to mee;
She that loves mee, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome o're and o're.

And I could wiſh her full of wit,
Knew ſhe how for to huſwife it:
But ſhe whoſe wiſedome make her dare
To try her wit: will ſell more ware.

Some other thinkes delight will bring,
As if ſhe dances, play, and ſing.

So they be ſafe, what though her parts
Catch ten thouſand forraine hearts.

But let mee ſee ſhould ſhee be proud?
A little pride ſhould be alow'd.
Each amorous boy, will ſport and prate
Too freely where he findes not ſtate.

I care not much though ſhe let downe,
Sometime a chiding, or a frowne,
But if ſhe wholly quench deſire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To ſmile, to toy is not amiſſe,
Sometimes to interpoſe a kiſſe,
But not to cloy, ſweete things are good,
Pleaſant for ſauce, but not for food.

Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed Miſtreſſe.

Who e're ſhe be,
That is the onely ſhee,
That ſhall command my heart and mee:

Might you heare my wiſhes,
Beſpeake her to my bliſſes,
And be ye call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdie tyre, or ſome ſuch folly.

A face that's beſt,
By it's owne beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt.

Joyes that confeſſe
Vertue her Miſtreſſe,
And have no other head to dreſſe.

Life that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come ſay, welcome friend.

I wiſh her ſtore
Of wealth may leave her poore
Of wiſhes: and I wiſh no more.

Now if time knowes
That her, whoſe radiant browes
Weave them a Garland of my woes;

Her that dare be
What theſe lines wiſh to ſee,
I ſeeke no further, it is ſhe.

Let her full glorie
(My fancies) fly before ye.
Be ye my fection, but her my ſtorie.

To A Lady.

Madam,

Should I not ſmother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verſe: It would aſpire
To bleare your vertues in a glimm'ring line
And your perfections in its meaſures twine.
But I have check'd my fancie Muſe, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to ſcanne the Sphæres:
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,
Or court the trembling Watch-men of the night.
Some vulgar vertue, or a ſingle blaze
Might ſtand in verſe, and would endure a gaze:

But when both Art and Nature ſhall agree
To ſumme their all in one Epitome:
When the perfections of both ſexes are
Lock'd in one female ſtore-houſe, who ſhall dare
In an audatious rapture to untwine
Into looſe numbers, what Heaven doth enſhrine.
In one rich breaſt? Dazled invention ſay,
Canſt thou embowell either India
In one poore rime? Or can thy torch-light fire
Shew us the Sunne, or any Starre that's higher?
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame
Doe it in admiration: but diſclaime
Thy power to praiſe: thy ſenders wiſhes, beare,
And be the Herauld of the New-borne yeare:
Wiſh that each riſing Sun, may ſee her more
Happy, then when he roſe the morne before;
And may, when ere he guilds the envious Weſt
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the feaſt.
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry
Thou art two low; canſt thou not ſwell a ſtraine
May reach my thoughts? good Madam ſince 'tis vaine.
(And yet my verſe to kiſſe your hand preſum'd)
Let it to be your ſacrifice be doom'd:

And what it wants in true Poetique fire,
Let the flame adde, till ſo my Muſe expire.

A Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee ſummon,
Tell me truely what is Woman
If worne, ſhe is a Feather,
If woo'd, ſhee's froſty weather;
If won, the winde not ſlighter:
If weigh'd, the Moone's not lighter
If laine withall, ſhe's apiſh:.
If not laine with, ſhe's ſnapiſh.

Come Eccho I thee ſummon,
Tell me once more what is Woman?
If faire, ſhe's coy in courting,
If wittie, looſe in ſporting;
If ready, ſhe's but cloathing:
If naked, ſhe's juſt nothing,
If not belov'd, ſhe hornes thee;
If lov'd too well, ſhe ſcornes thee.
The Eccho thus replyed,
But ſtill me thought ſhe lyed.

Then for my Miſtreſſe ſake,
Againe reply did make.
If worne ſhe is a jewell,
If wood ſhe is not cruell,
If wonne no rocke is ſurer;
If weighed, no gold is purer;
If laine withall, delicious;
If not, yet no way vicious.
Falſe Eccho goe you lie
See, your errours I diſcry.

And for the ſecond ſummon I
This for woman do reply,
If faire, ſhe's heavenly treaſure;
If witty, ſhe's all pleaſure;
If ready, ſhe is quainteſt;
If not ready, ſhe's daintieſt;
If lov'd, her heart ſhe ſpares not;
If not belov'd, ſhe cares not.
Falſe eccho goe you lie,
See, your errours I diſcry.

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become ſo kind,
To give mee leave to take my mind,
Of all thy ſtore.

Firſt, it is needfull that I finde
Good meat and drink of every kinde;
I aske no more.

And then that I may well digeſt,
Each ſeverall morſell of the feaſt:
See thou my ſtore.

To eaſe the care within my breaſt,
With a thouſand pound at leaſt:
I aske no more.

A well-borne and a pleaſing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of ſhame;
Let her have ſtore.

Of wealth, diſcretion, and good fame,
And able to appeaſe my flame.
I aske no more.

Yet one thing more doe not forget,
Afore that I doe, doe this feat,
Forgot before.

That ſhe a Virgin be and neate,
Of whom two ſonnes I may beget;
I aske no more.

Let them be Barons and impart,
To each a Million for his part;
I thee implore,

That when I long life have led,
I may have Heaven when I am dead.
I aske no more.

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no gueſt bidden,
Like a Well without a Bucket;
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid.

The Ring if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeakes,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden.
The Bucket drawes the water forth,
The Roſe when pluckt is ſtill moſt worth,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon,

Like a Jack without a waight,
Or a Barke without a fraight,
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted ſtock doth beare beſt fruite,
There's muſick in the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make the Jack go ready
The fraight doth make the Bark go ſteady,
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's uſefull in the night.
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries ere ſhe dies.

Like a Call without a Non-ſir,
Or a Queſtion and no Anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mayne was never digg'd.
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preferr'd.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid,

The Non-ſir doth obey the Call
The Queſtion anſwer'd pleaſeth all,

Who Rigs a Ship, ſailes with the winde,
Who digs a Myne, doth treaſure finde.
The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
The ſeaſon preferres every thing.
So is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries ere ſhe dies.

Canto.

Let no Poet-Critick in his Ale,
Now tax me for a heedleſſe Tale;
For Ere I a done my honeſt *Ned*,
I'le bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen head ſpeakes through the Noſe,
More Logick then the Colledge knowes;
Quick-ſilver heads run over all,
But dunces heads keepes Leaden Hall.

A Quiriſters head is made of ayre,
A head of wax becomes a Player;
So pliant 'tis to any ſhape,
A King, a Clowne, but ſtill an Ape.

A melancholly head it was,
That thought it ſelfe a Venice-glaſſe;

But when I ſee a drunken ſot,
Me thinkes his head's a Chamber pot.

A Poets head is made of Match,
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grind his houſ-hold bread,
That hath a Wind-mill in his head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him deare wit in Verſe or Proſe,
It reekes like Brimſtone in his noſe;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O deare! (quoth he) and ſhakes his head.
French heads taught ours the gracefull ſhake,
They learn'd it in the laſt Earth-quake.

The head gentle makes mouthes in ſtate,
At the Mechanique beaver pate.
The empty head of meere Eſquire,
Scornes wit; as borne a title higher.
In *Capite* he holds his lands,
His wiſdome in Fee-ſimple ſtands.
Which he may call for and be ſped,
Out of the foot-mans running-head.

The Saraſens nor Gorgons head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead.
But deaths head on his fingers ends,
Afflicts him more then twenty feends:
An Oxford Cook that is well read,
Knowes how to dreſſe a Critticks head.
Take out the braines, and ſtew the noates,
O rare Calves-head for Pupils throats.

Promethius would be puzzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath ſuch ſubtile turnes and nookes,
Such turne-pegs, mazes, tenter-hookes:
A trap-dore here, and there a vault,
Should you go in, you'd ſure be caught;
This head, if ere the headſ-man ſticke,
He'le ſpoyle the ſubtile politicke.

Six heads there are will nere be ſeene,
The firſt a Maids paſt twice fifteene:
The next is of an Unic-horne,
Which when I ſee i'le truſt his horne,
A Beggers in a beaver; And
A Gyant in a Pigmies hand;
A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The Plurall head of multitude,
Will make good hodg-podg when 'tis ſtude;
Now I have done my honeſt *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a head.

Interrogativa Cantilena.

If all the world were Paper,
And all the ſea were Ink;
If all the trees were bread and cheeſe,
How ſhould we doe for drink.

If all the world were ſand'o,
Oh then what ſhould we lack'o;
If as they ſay there were no clay;
How ſhould we take Tobacco?

If all our veſſels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a;
If Spaniſh Apes eate all the Grapes,
How ſhould we doe for Sack'a

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloyſters;
If all the Seas were Beanes and Peaſe,
How ſhould we doe for Oyſters.

If there had beene no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs.
If Fiddlers ſhall turne Players all,
How ſhould we doe for ſongs?

If all things were eternall,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this ſhould be, then how ſhould we,
Here make an end of ſinging.

The ſeven Planets.

SATURNE diſeas'd with age, and left for dead;
Chang'd all his gold, to be involu'd in lead.

JOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range;
From whom, man learnes to love, and loves to change.
JUNO checks *Jove*, that he eo earth ſhould come
Having her ſelfe to ſport with all at home.

MARS is diſarmed, and is to *Venus* gone,
Where *Vulcans* Anvill muſt be ſtruck upon.

SOL ſees, yet cauſe he may not be allow'd,
To ſay he ſees, he hides him in a cloud.

VENUS

VENUS tels *Vulcan*, *Mars* shall shooe her Steed,
For he it is that hits the Naile o'th head.

The Ayri-nuntius flye MERCURIUS,
Is stolne from Heaven to *Galobelgicus*.

LUNA is deemed host, yet shee's a sinner,
Witnesse the man that she receives within her,
But that shee's horn'd it cannot well be sed,
Since I neare heard that she was married.

The twelve Signes of the Zodiack

Venus to *Mars* and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
Venus contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same,
Ida, the place, the game what best did please,
Whiles *Vulcan* found the Sunne in ARIES.

TAURUS as it hath beene alledg'd by some,
Is fled from *neck and throat* to roare at Rome.
But now the *Bull* is growne to such a rate,
The price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figur'd here,
Ore stomack, brest, and ribs, to domineere

Eve

Eve on a rib was made, whence me may know,
Women fro *Eve*, were Crab'd and backward too.

VIRGO the Phœnix ſigne (as all can tell yee)
Has regement ore bowels, and ore Belly.
But now ſince *Virgo* could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to loſe her name.

SCORPIO Serpent-like moſt ſlily tenders,
What much ſeduceth men, his privie members.
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give eare unto,
That ſecret member patron *Scorpio*.

The goatiſh CAPRICORNE that us'd to preſſe,
'Mongſt naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees
Where creſt falne too (poore ſnake) he lies as low,
As thoſe on whom he did his hornes beſtow.

With arme in arme our GEMINI enwreath,
Their individuate parts in life and death.
The armes and ſhoulders ſway, O may I have
But two ſuch freinds to have me to my grave.

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Imperiouſly retires to'th Sea of Rome.
A Sea, and yet no Lepant-ſea, for than
He were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.

LIBRA

LIBRA, the reines, which we may Juſtice call,
A ſigne which tradeſmen hate the worſt of all.
For ſhe implyes even weights, but doe not look,
To finde this ſigne in every Grocers book.

If thou wouldſt pleaſe the laſſe that thou doſt marry
The ſigne muſt ever be in SAGITARRY.
Which rules the thighs, an influence more cõmon,
'Mongſt Marmoſites & Monkies, then ſome women

AQVARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept Puddle-wharfe, and was a Water-man,
But being one two honeſt for that kinde,
He *Row'd* to Heaven, and left thoſe knaves behinde

PISCIS, the *Fiſh*, is ſaid to rule the feete,
And Socks, with all that keepe the feete from ſweate,
One that purveyes proviſion enough,
Of Ling, Poore-*John*, and other Lenten ſtuffe.

Of

On the letter

Runne round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round O.
That O which in the indigeſted Maſſe
Did frame it ſelfe, when nothing framed was.
But when the world's great maſſe it ſelfe did ſhow,
In largeneſſe, fairneſſe, roundneſſe a great O.
The heavens the element, a boxe of O's
Where ſtill the greater doth the leſſe incloſe.
The imaginary center in O's made,
That ſpeck which in the world doth ſtand or fade,
The Zodicke, Colures, and Equator line,
In Tropique and Meridian O did ſhine.
The lines of breadth, and lines of longitude,
Climat e from Climate doth by O ſeclude.

And in the Starrie ſpangled skie the ○
Makes us the day from night diſtinctly know.
And by his motion, round as in a ring
Light to himſelfe, light to each ○ doth bring.
In each daye s journey in his circle round,
The framing of an ○ by ſence is found.
The Moone hath to the ○'s frame moſt affection,
But the Sunne's envie grudgeth ſuch perfection.
Yet *Dion* hath each month, and every yeare,
Learned an ○'s frame in her front to beare.
And to requite *Sol's* envie with the like,
With oft eccliſpes at his ○ doth ſtrike.
In our inferiour bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to ſhew the worth of ○.
Our braines and heart either in ○ doth lie
So that the neſt of ○'s the ſparkling eye.
The ribs in meeting, faſhion an ○'s frame,
The mouth and eare, the noſtrils beare the ſame,
The Latins honouring the chiefeſt parts
Gloried to make our ○ the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I ſeene a reverend dimmed eye,
By the helpe of ○ to read moſt legibly.

Each

Each drop of raine that falls, each flower that
growes,
Each coyne that's currant doth reſemble O's.
Into the water if a ſtone we throw,
Marke how each circle joynes to make an ○.
Cut but an Orenge you ſhall eaſily find
Yellow with white, and watery ○'s combind.
○ doth preſerve a trembling conjurer,
Who from his circle ○ doth never ſtirre.
○ from a full throat cryer if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumbe:
The thundring Cannon from this dreadfull ○,
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw,
○ utters woes, ○ doth expreſſe our joyes,
○ wonders ſhewes, ○ riches, or ○ toyes.
And ○ yee women which doe faſhions fall,
○ ruffe, ○ gorget, and ○ farthingall,
And ○ yee ſpangles, ○ yee golden ○'s
That Art upon the rich imbroydred throwes.
Thinke not we mocke, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometimes doth write you bring an ○ to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you yee know,
Since *Ops* the gods great grandame beares an ○.
Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reele,
Is ever conſtant to her ○; her wheele,

And your Carroches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of foure great O's do helpe you ride.
When tables full, and cups doe overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an O?
What i'ſt that dreadfull makes a Princes frowne,
But that his head beares golden O the Crowne.
Unhappy then th'Arethmetitian, and
He that makes O a barren Cipher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place
An O addes number, with a figures grace.
And that O which for Cipher he doth take.
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But O enough, I ha'done my reader wrong
Mine O was round, and I have made it long.

A pretty petty parly about a Fart.

Why what's a fart? wind, or aire, or ſound, or ſo,
But preſently his back-parts they cry no.
By my fay, ſaies one, for all your winking,
The anſwers good, were it not for ſtinking.
Nay quoth another, in it's no evill,
But that to mee it ſeeme's ſo uncivill.

Yet ſayes the ſageſt, young men are too bold,
The priviledge belongs to us that're old.
Nay quoth an heire this may well be done,
Farts be entaild from the father to the ſon.
Why ſayes another, upon my conſcience
It may be reform'd by ſome frankinſence.
Quoth an Aſtronomer, if you'll not laſſe,
I'le meaſure this fart with my Jacob's ſtaffe:
Fie, ſayes Sir *John*, I like not this paſſage,
Farts interpos'd in midd'ſt of a meſſage;
Yet Gentlemen, this before our departing,
In Rhetoricke is no figure of farting.
Nay more than all this, ſayes little *Jack-Straw*,
A fart's not in compaſſe of th' Civill Law,
'Tis true ſayes Sir *John*, I dare aſſure'm,
'Tis *contra modeſtiam*, not *contra naturam*.
Your words ſayes another are all but wind,
For I do not like thoſe motions behind:
I'le lay my cap, quoth *Will* with the red hoſe,
That the *major* part will goe with the noſe.
Well ſayes th'other, I'me aſham'd to tell it,
For all that are here, may eaſily ſmell it,
Then I that ſtood by ſaid, ſurely this fart,
Is voyce of the belly and not of the heart.
In compaſſe of ten mile about,

(Saies one) such a fart there never came out.
A Pursevant then humbly on his knees
Would faine have the fart, but it payes no fees:
But sayes the delinquent, pray let mee speake,
Now I assure thee, my shoes did but creake.
O strange quoth one, 'tis most wondrously,
The Gentleman speaketh as well as I.
So (gentle Reader) our dispute did bend,
To one onely center; and ther's an end.

Pure Non-sence.

When *Neptune's* blasts, and *Boreas* blazing stormes,
When *Triton's* pitchforke cut off *Vulcan's* hornes,
When *Eolus* hay strous sunbeames grew so darke,
That *Mars* in Moone-shin could not hit the mark:
Then did I see the gloomy day of Troy,
When poore *Eneas* legesse ranne away:
Who tooke the torrid ocean in his hand,
And sailed to them all the way by land:
An horrid sight to see *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.
But being dead, and almost in a trance,
He threatned forty thousand with his lance. (seen
Indeed 'twas like, such strange sights then were

An

An ugly rough black monſter all in greene.
That all about the white, blew, round, ſquare skie,
The fixed ſtarres hung by Geometry.
Juno amaz'd, and *Jove* ſurpriz'd with wonder
Caus'd heaven to ſhake, and made the mountains
Which caus'd *Æneas* once againe retire, (thunder.
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the ſea with fire.
Nilus for feare to ſee the Ocean burne,
Went ſtill on forward in a quicke returne.
Then was that broyle of *Agamemnon's* done,
When trembling *Ajax* to the battell come.
He ſtrucke ſtarke dead (the now are living ſtill)
Five hundred muſhroomes with his martiall bill.
Nor had himſelfe eſcap'd, as ſome men ſay,
If he being dead, he had not runne away.
O monſtrous hideous troupes of Dromidaries,
How beares and bulls from monkes and goblins
Nay would not *Charon* yeeld to *Cerberus*, (varies!
But catch't the Dog, and cut his head off thus,
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but could not find the ſire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a ſpight
They ſlept at *Acharon*, and wak't all night.
Where I let paſſe to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meate was toaſted cheeſe and carbonadoes.

Thouſands of monſters more beſides there be
Which I faſt hoodwink't at that time did ſee,
And in a word to ſhut up this diſcourſe,
A Rugd-gownes ribbes are good to ſpur a horſe.

A meſſe of no-ſenſe.

Like to the tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a lobſter, clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray freeze, of a crimſon cat
Or like a moon-calfe, in a ſlipſhoo-hat,
Or like a ſhadow, when the ſunne is gone,
Or like a thought that neere was thought upon
Even ſuch is man, who never was begoten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchſtone af a cabbage,
Or like a crablouſe with his bagge and baggage,
Or like th'abortive iſſue of a fizle,
Or the bagge-pudding of a plow mans whiſtle,
Or like the foure, ſquare circle of a ring,
Or like the finging of hey downe a ding,
Even ſuch is man, who breathles without doubt,
Spake to ſmal purpoſe when his tongue was out.

Like

Like to the greene freſh fading withered roſe,
Or like to rime or verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the humbles of a tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the poxe,
Or like a hobnaile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preter perfect tenſe.
Even ſuch is man who dy'd and then did laſſe,
To ſee ſuch ſtrange lines, writ on's Epitaph.

A Carouſ-Cento.

The Welſhman love's cous pobby,
The French a curtaine ſermon,
But I muſt ſlaſh in balderdaſh,
For I'm a true bred German.

Capape, let us welter, and bouze helter skelter,
Tom-Tinker his Tankard, the fleming his flagon.
The Irike cough his vaſquebough,
The Dutch-fro his Slapdragon.

A Drunkard.

When ſhall wee meete againe to have a taſt
Of that, tranſcendent Ale wee dranke of laſt,
What wild ingredience did the woman chooſe,
To make her drinke withall? it made me looſe,
My wit before I quencht my thirſt; there came
Such whimſies in my braine; and ſuch a flame
Of fiery drunkenneſſe had ſindg'd my noſe
My beard ſhrunke in for feare; there were of thoſe
That tooke mee for a Comnet, ſome a farre
Diſtant remote, thought mee a blazing ſtarre,
The earth mee thought, juſt as it was it went
Round in a wheeling courſe of merriment
My head was ever drooping, and my Noſe
Offering to be a ſuiter to my toes.
My pock-hole face they ſay appear'd to ſome,
Juſt like a dry and burning hony-combe.
My tongue did ſwimme in Ale, and joy'd to boaſt
It ſelfe a greater ſeaman then the toaſt.
My mouth was growne a wry as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whiſper in mine eare.
My guts were mynes of ſulphure, and my ſet
Of parched teeth, ſtrucke fire as they met.

Nay

Nay, when I piſt my urine was ſo hot
It burnt a hole quite thorugh the chamber-pot:
Each brewer that I met, I kiſt, and made
Suit to be bound appentice to the trade;
One did approve the motion, when he ſaw,
That my owne legges could my Indenters draw.
Well Sir, I grew ſtarke mad as you may ſee
By this adventure upon poetry.
You eaſily may gueſſe, I am not quite
Growne ſober yet, by theſe weake lines I write,
Onely I do't for this to let you ſee,
Who s'ere paid for the Ale, I'me ſure't paid nee.

Canto, *in the praiſe of ſacke.*

Liſten all I pray, to the words I have to ſay,
In memory ſure inſert um:
Rich wines doe us raiſe, to the honor of bayes
Quem non fecere deſertum?

Of all the Juice, which the gods produce,
Sacke ſhall, be preferr'd before 'em
'Tis ſacke that ſhall create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum.

Wee abandon all Ale, and beare that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis and damnable hum;
But we will racke in the praiſe of ſacke,
'Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine which in former time
Each wiſe one of the *Magi*
Was wont to carouſe in a frolicke bouſe,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, & a rope be their ſhame,
Let the gout, and collicke pine 'um,
That offer to ſhrinke, in taking their drinke,
Seu grecum ſive Latinum.

Let the glaſſe go round, let the quart pot ſound,
Let each one do as he's done to,
Avaunt you that hugge the abominable jugge,
'Mongſt us *Heteroclita ſunto.*

There's no ſuch diſeaſe as he that doth pleaſe,
His pallate with beare for to ſhame us,
'Tis ſacke makes us ſing, hey downe a downe ding,
Muſa Paulo majora Canamus.

He is either mute, or doth poorly diſpute,
That drinkes ought elſe but wine O,
The more wine a man drinks, like a ſubtile Sphinx,
Tantum valet illo loquendo.

Tis true, our ſoules, by the louſie bowles
Of beare that doth nought but ſwill us,
Do goe into ſwin (*Pithagorus* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutaſtis & illos.

When I've ſacke in my braine, I'me in a merry vain,
And this to mee a bliſſe is,
Him that is wiſe, I can juſtly deſpiſe,
Mecum confertur Ulyſſes.

How it chears the brains, how it warmes the vains,
How againſt all croſſes it armes us,
How it makes him that's poore, coragiouſly roare,
Et mutatus dicere formas.

Give mee the boy, my delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinkes his *tale*:
By ſacke he that waxes in our Syntaxes,
Eſt verbum Perſonale.

Art thou weake or lame, or thy wits to blame?
Call for ſacke and thou ſhalt have it,
'Twill make thee riſe, and be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit

We have frolick rounds, we have merry goe downs
Yet nothing is done at randome
For when we are to pay, we club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.

The blades that want caſh, have credit for craſh
They'll have ſack what ever it coſt um,
They do not pay, till another day,
Manet a'ta mente repoſtum.

Who neve failes to drink, all cleare from the brink
With a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
Ile offer at his ſhrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill, and never hath his fill,
Hath a paſſage like a cundit,
The ſacke doth inſpire in rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe, if any do off,
And then from you needs will passe thee,
Give their nose a twitch, & kick them in the britch,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plaine and will tell you againe,
Be he furious as *Orlando*:
He is an asse, that from hence doth passe,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.

An incomparable Kisse.

GIve me a kisse from those sweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another; yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the first kisse, be the seconds brother.
Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more,
And then repeate those that have gone before.
Let us begin, while day-light springs in heav'n,
And kisse, till night descends into the even,
And when that modest secretary, Night,
Discolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright
We will begin revels of hidden love
In that sweet *Orbe* where silent pleasures move.

In high, new straines, unspeakeable delight,
Weele vent the dull houres of the silent night,
Were the bright day no more to visite us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus,
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle feare,
As the first Lovers in the Garden were,
Ile dye betwixt thy breasts that are so white,
For, to dye there, would doe a man delight.
Embrace me still, for time runs on before,
And being dead, we shall embrace no more.
Let us kisse faster than the houres doe flye,
Long live each kisse, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and flye away too fast,
Impresse another, and renew the last.
Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,
And if I sleepe, count me an idle Lover.
Admit I sleepe; Ile still pursue the Theame,
And eagerly, Ile kisse thee in a dreame.
O give me way; grant love to me thy friend,
Did hunder'd thousand suitors all contend
For thy Virginity; there's none shall wooe
With heart so firme as mine; none better doe
Then I, with your sweet-sweetnesse; if you doubt
Pierce your eyes my heart; or plucke it out.

A Letany.

FRom a proud Woodcock, and a peevish wife,
A pointlesse Needle, and a broken knife,
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great foole that longs for pap,
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From a conspiracie of wicked knaves,
A knot of villaines, and a crew of slaves,
From laying plots for to abuse a friend,
From working humours to a wicked end,
And from the wood where Wolves and Foxes
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From resty Bacon, and ill rosted Eeles,
And from a madding wit, that runs on wheeles,
A vap'ring humour and a beetle head,
A smoakie chimney, and a lowsie bed;
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these goodnesse deliver me.

From setting vertue at too low a price,
From loosing too much coyne at Cards and Dice;

From ſurety-ſhip, and from an empty purſe,
Or any thing that may be termed worſe;
From all ſuch ill wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From the mercie of ſome Jaylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Paraſites that ſtroake us,
From morſels that will choake us,
From all ſuch as purſes cut,
From a filthy durty ſlut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with treaſon tainted,
From women which are painted,
From all far-fetcht new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten Cheeſe, and addle Egges,
From broken ſhins, and gouty Legges,
From a pudding hath no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the Counter or the Fleet,
From doing Penance in a ſheet,
From Jeſuits, Monks, and Fryers,
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,

From

From Romes Pardons, Bulls, and Maſſes,
From Bug-beares, and broken Glaſſes,
From Spaniſh penſions and their ſpies,
From weeping cheeſe with *Argus* eyes,
From forraine foes invaſions,
From Papiſtical perſwaſions,
From private gaine, by publique loſſe,
From comming home by weeping croſſe,
From bloody Surgeons that would purge us,
From cruell Judges that would ſcourge us,
From all theſe I ſay agen,
Heaven deliver me, Amen.

FINIS.